THE ART-UNION.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1847.

THE EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRIAL ART AT BRUSSELS, 1847.

BELGIUM, approximating so closely to our own shores, is, perhaps, the most interesting of all continental countries to every class of Englishmen. The eventful history of past times, the famous school of art it has possessed, and its ancient commercial importance—exemplified by the cities of Louvain, Bruges, and Antwerp—are suggestive of stirring memories. For ages, the industry of its inhabitants has become proverbial—for eminence in agriculture it has been rewarded by one of the richest soils in temperate climes; nor are its prolific plains less dear to us for possessing the battle field of Waterloo, where the victorious arms of Wellington secured the peace of Europe, and consolidated the strength of the British Empire.

For centuries, the appanage of one powerful state or another, Belgium has generally been treated as a dependant colony, and suffered all the exigences of a foreign government, administered by the deputed power of a distant sovereign authority. The annals of history record the numerous wars of other nations which have ravaged its fertile plains; the quarrels of neighbouring kings and princes have made them the *arena* of strife; and revolutions, the natural consequences of uncertain or oppressive governments, have, at intervals, there dislocated all social order. The national character of the Belgians cannot be otherwise than tinctured with caution and reserve, begotten by a long series of transitions of supreme authority—often abused, seldom conciliatory, and scarcely ever encouraging. The commercial and industrial traditions of Belgium attest the persevering toil and skill of its manufacturers. Details of the greatness and affluence of its renowned cities would savour of the poet's romance, rather than the historian's matter of fact, if the existing monuments of their former glory did not verify all that ancient chroniclers have related thereto. In those days, we find it recorded that the merchants of Antwerp were so incessantly engaged daily, that all public sales were restricted, by penalties, to take place during the hours of the night, elsewhere devoted to repose. In Louvain, with its then narrow streets, the weavers were so multitudinous, that a public edict commanded all other persons and children to remain within doors when the town-bell announced the dinner time of the working classes, lest the thousands of workmen hastening to their repast should crush the women and children who might stand in their way. From these hives of industry has England largely profited during the religious and political convulsions which arose in former days; and to these events are we indebted for the location in our country of many of the useful and mechanical arts which have far outstripped the parent stock, since they were transplanted to the protection of English laws and government; having now become staple sources of our extended wealth and commerce.

The establishment of the independence of Belgium was a great and momentous occurrence, demanding more talent than her young statesmen could reasonably possess. The rupture with Holland gave a direful check to newly created manufactures. Ghent, the representative of textile fabrics, and Liege, that of works in metal, were the first sufferers. Antwerp, one of the finest ports in Europe, became denuded of mercantile shipping; the foreign merchants who located there transfering their counting-houses elsewhere. All these difficulties, with the taxation necessary to sustain the government and support a disproportionate army, have retarded the progress of the kingdom of Belgium. But the blessings of peace and the persevering toil of the inhabitants have contributed, however slowly, to lessen every impediment to their ultimate happiness and comfort. Belgium has in itself every resource that can lead to this desirable end. With an admirable soil, industrious people, mineral wealth—an abundance of iron and coals—magnificent rivers, and possessing two important sea-ports, there are no bounds to its prosperity. May we trust that a beneficent and enlightened ministry will be enabled to develop the natural resources of the country, and the people—untrammelled by sectarian notions, party animosities, or selfish intrigues. At the present time it is believed that in this limited kingdom there are nearly a million of hands panting with a desire of labour, having but partial or scanty occupation. The Exposition of the productions of the National Industry, now open, is to this population the very blossom of hope for fruitfulness hereafter. If the manufactures of the country are made known, and its capacity of extension worked out by a wise administration, giving to invention protective rights, and to industry a free development, unshackled by the prohibitions, restrictions, and fiscal oppressions, of the dark ages of commerce—the perseverance of the people will surely do the rest, and their employment become universal.

The speech delivered by the Minister of the Interior on the occasion of the grand ceremony of the First Day of the Exposition is pregnant with great truths. The following sentences are extracted from it:—

"The Belgian people have always been distinguished by their aptitude for the arts, and for mechanical industry. They have made it, as in their agricultural pursuits, the sources of wealth, and the elements of their commerce; thus have their labours contributed to obtain for their country a distinguished position among the surrounding nations.

"Still, it cannot fail to be remarked that industry has met great obstacles to its progress in the frequent vicissitudes of political destiny, and has always been compelled to shape its course to these calamities; which, constantly affecting the connections of commerce and the tariff of duties, have upset both the foreign trade and the home market.

"It will be in a purely national legislation, based on the true principles of political economy, that industry will in future find protection.

"Belgium, with its numerous population and great cities, ought never to sever the interests of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce. The rigorous afflictions that agriculture has undergone during the last two years have fallen with equal severity upon many branches of trade. They have made it manifest, without a shadow of doubt, that commerce is as necessary to society for the preservation of morality, as for assuring to the people the means of existence.

"Thus the mission of the manufacturers is elevated to a more noble consequence than the amassing of fortunes. They may be assured that the benefactors of a whole nation are those who can create at moderate prices, the diversified objects of their necessity or comfort, particularly at epochs of calamity; and who also employ their influence in disseminating education, imparting scientific instruction in aid of the workman's skill, and inculcating the moral virtues among the labouring classes.

"By pursuing these means, the manufacturers are entitled to the national gratitude, and elevate themselves to the highest esteem and consideration."

The Exposition is not, we must admit, very productive of designs—such as we may, in the first place, recommend for introduction into England, and in the next, as suggestive of improvements to our British manufacturers. But that our mission to Belgium has not been altogether vain, will be sufficiently obvious by the engravings we shall introduce of the objects that seemed best suited to our pages.

We may repeat that our examination of the Exposition was under the highest auspices, and that the artist who accompanied us to make the drawings was supplied with the necessary introductions, and all other facilities, by the Belgian Minister and the Director of the Exposition; and that our plan received the approval and cordial support of the principal manufacturers who exhibited. That some of them should have been suspicious and hold back was to have been expected; for it was difficult to induce conviction that an English journal could incur the great cost of engaging two individuals to visit the country, with no self-interested purpose, and that the desire to communicate knowledge alone could justify the expense to be incurred by engraving a large number of the exhibited works. In Belgium, even those who are progressing, move slowly; they can as yet scarcely comprehend the nature of English energy and enterprise; and we have reason to believe that the publication of these articles—concerning their Exposition—will take many of them by surprise.

In the last number of the "Art-Union," we gave some introductory details, in reference to the ceremony of opening the Exposition, and as to its general character; these it is needless to repeat; and, although at the conclusion of our report we may give a general summary of the result, we shall at once pass to the several subjects under review.

For ages, have the linens of Flanders and the point lace of Brussels enjoyed an unequalled renown. In the first branch it is pretended that diapered or damasked linens originated at Ypres,—hence the term Diaper. Since the introduction and extension of cotton manufactures in the Western World, many large establishments for the fabrication of plain and printed cottons have originated in this country. A great impulse was given to them on the union of the Flemish provinces to Holland, by the peace which settled, for the period, the states of Europe, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814. Ghent then became the Manchester of the United Netherlands, and the Dutch gave every possible encouragement, both for home consumption and the exclusive supply of their foreign colonies. The disruption of this compact, in 1830, occasioned the loss to Ghent of its best customers, and involved its population in the worst consequences of distress. Ghent has recovered from this severe shock to its manufacturing prosperity less readily than the other cities of Belgium; and is still overrun with unemployed labour. The Minister of the Interior, in the admirable speech we have quoted, reminds manufacturers of their social and moral obligations towards their fellow-beings; one of the first of which is, doubtless, to seek the means of giving occupation to hands rendered inert by its absence. It was a great and solemn duty the manufacturers of Ghent owed to their country, and to humanity to have been foremost in displaying, in the National Exhibition, examples and specimens of all the productions of their looms. It is unnecessary to inquire concerning the reasons, or causes, of their remarkable absence on this great occasion; but the omission can neither be wise, philanthropic, nor patriotic. The only exceptions, to this selfish sulkiness, who deserve to be named, are Messrs. DERCKE, F. DE HEMPTINNE, VANDER BOSCH DE WAELE, and FRETIGNY; yet the printed goods these firms have exhibited are of a very low order of design, in old and feeble patterns, betraying a decaying langour, or an absolute decrepitude of enterprise, in one of the most important branches of industry. It would be an assumption to say that better designs or richer coloured goods are not manufactured in Ghent; but if the scale of quality is to be judged from the Exhibition at Brussels, great encouragement is offered to foreign producers to take even the home cotton trade of Belgium out of the hands of its native manufacturers.

The DAMASKED LINENS were in great variety, and although nothing was presented very new or striking in pattern, they still maintain their superiority. The most beautiful for texture and lustre are from the factory of HANSSENS-HAP, at Vilvorden; and worthy mention should be made of J. BOMMER, of Alost, (who exhibits two large coverlids, with designs à la Renaissance) as well as of P. J. VERHEGEN, of Turnhout, for intermixture of natural and bleached threads in patterns of good taste. Messrs. LEGER and DE VLIEGER, of Alost, have contributed a table-cloth, with variegated border of admirable design, composed of baskets and festal groups, but spoilt by the

10 47.2

centre ornament, representing, as may be imagined, but coarsely and very ineffectively, a party of figures carousing. L. FRANCHOMME, of Molenbeck, St. Jean, exhibits a superb table-cloth, and table napkins damasked with the royal arms, emblems and mottoes, exquisitely woven; the words composing the mottoes having all the sharpness of type. In the perfection of this branch of industry, there appears no diminution of the ancient skill of the Flemish weavers, and the numerous specimens in the Exhibition indicate that the demand is still active for these articles of luxury. A Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, of Antwerp, is also an exhibitor: by the name we should imagine him to be a native of England, and in the pieces of linen of his manufacture, he has exhibited them stamped with an English crown and an Irish harp. J. Bommer, of Alost, above named, has also adopted the same marks on several pieces of linen. It is, at least, a compliment to Irish manufacture that the emblem of the harp contributes to give a diploma of quality.

The famous POINT-LACE of Brussels is one of the most attractive displays, being everywhere unrivalled: the enormous cost renders it an object of especial desire among the wealthy classes, and it is only on festive occasions, such as marriages among the royal, the noble, and the affluent, that it meets demand. Madame ROMBOUTS exhibits a handkerchief destined for the Queen of Spain, ornamented with devices, the royal arms and cypher. It would be vain to offer any description of this elaborate performance of the bobbin and the needle. The price was said to be 5,000 francs, (£200), quite sufficient to give an idea of its extraordinary delicacy of texture. L. ROBIT, among other specimens of lace, has contributed a novelty, being a manchette of lace made of an excessively fine metal (silver) thread. VANDERKELEN BRESSON has many beautiful examples of the richest patterns. One, a handkerchief, having a basket of flowers in the centre, a perfect imitation of point-lace, but woven together, if the term can be used, entirely by the needle—a difficulty which has never before been surmounted. The thread of which it is made is of the most excessive fineness; whatever may be fancied of gossamer web is here realised. A skein of it is shown in the same case, and although placed on a dark blue ground, was scarcely perceptible in the single thread. The cost of this simple material is stated to have been 3,500 *francs la livre*. Another handkerchief displayed a difficulty of a different kind, successfully achieved; it is executed with the same thread: a group of small figures form the centre ornament, and they are shaded with the needle only. A piece of lace with the bobbins attached, about three and a-half inches wide, was woven by nearly three hundred bobbins, as far as an attempt to count them appeared to justify the statement. The specimens of lace are very numerous and well shown, either under plate-glass, spread on a dark ground, or between plate-glass and displayed transparent. The designs in general are very intricate in the specimens exhibited, mostly partaking of damasked forms, and with but little variation from ancient combinations. They are much too elaborate for reduced engraving to convey any idea of the patterns employed.

Notwithstanding the many efforts to establish a manufacture of silk, the attempt has made, hitherto, but small progress; probably the proximity of France and the influence of her excellent fabrics on the world of fashion, have led to this result. The Exhibition contains but little in the way of novelty, except the pattern we have engraved. It is woven in varied tones of a delicate dove colour; the stripes about an inch and a quarter wide, alternate between our engraved design and a plain colour, but watered; a difficulty only conquered in this instance.

The paucity of original designs in the fabric affords the more conclusive evidence of the impolicy of continually drawing upon the knowledge of others: so long as Belgium will be content to borrow, her artists will never invent.

The manufacture of PORCELAIN may be considered among the integral productions of industrial skill in Belgium; it appears to be successfully conducted, both for quality of material and richness of painting and gilding. The resemblance closely appertains to that of France; and the forms of the antique are principally resorted to, but there is occasionally a variation into more florid displays. J. JACQUET, of the Rue des Paroissiens, offers several. An exhibited fruit-basket from his factory we subjoin.

Another example of a vase has great beauty in the scroll work; the effect, combined with the painted vignettes and gilding, is very harmonious.

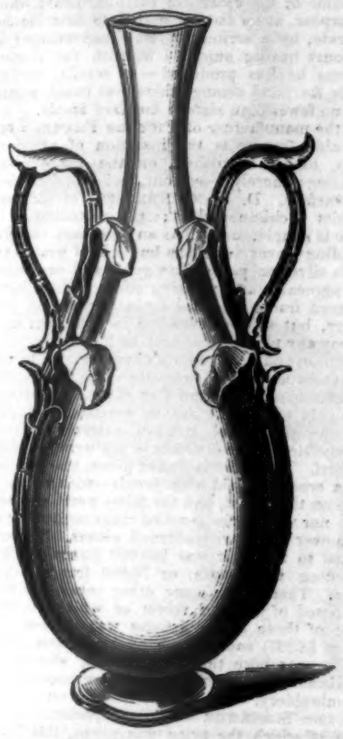
A sauce-boat is gracefully simple, and a custard cup and stand are remarkable for bold fluting.

M. Jacquet also exhibits a pair of Medici vases, with portraits of the King and Queen, highly gilt;

and a dessert-service, of fifty-three pieces in blue and gold, was so distinguished for its splendid appearance, that it has been purchased by the Commission for distribution, as a prize in the lottery.

It is scarcely necessary to assure the readers of the "Art-Union," that in the manufacture of porcelain, and original design and ornamentation as applied to it, the manufacturers of Belgium are by no means superior to those of England: in this article, indeed, we shall be, ere long, in a condition to contend with all the other nations of Europe.

MICHEL CAILLET, of Ixelles, has contributed a pair of vases, in white porcelain, about two feet in height, described in the catalogue as designed in the '*genre Americain.*' The appended cut shows the form and ornament. He exhibits also a bust of Pius IX., and a graceful statuette of the Virgin, both in *biscuit.*



EMMANUEL FABER contributes a superb pair of vases, in white porcelain, nearly two feet in height, of great purity of colour and lustre of enamel; the form is not new; the effect of the gilt handles, terminating on the lip of the vase, with snakes' heads and richly gilt, is excellent. A large pair of vases, of the Medici form, and deep blue colour, richly gilt, have been purchased by the commissioners for distribution by a lottery, on the principle of our Art-Union. A pendant vase, in white porcelain, called a jardinière, is a new design, as seen in the sub-joined cut.

A new application of porcelain is in a portion of a balustrade now constructing (in the house of M. de Beriot, the husband of the unfortunate Malibran), of which some of the balusters are placed among M. Faber's productions.

DECLERCY & Co., of Baudour, contributed a pair of white porcelain vases of antique form, embellished only with a richly gilt pedestal, and gilt lines on the divisions. They were full three feet in height. Three other large vases, covered with painted flowers, and with gilt genii for handles, were of tasteless form.

An epergne of two stages, standing about three feet high, was remarkable as having the borders hung with a number of bells, about the size of egg-cups, suspended from it. It had a somewhat Chinese look.

The productions in porcelain appear limited entirely to home consumption. The manufacturers seem content with this narrowed commerce, although there is no reason why they should not successfully compete with the white Lemoges Ware, of which a good deal is now imported into England. That of Belgium is mostly of clear colour, and an evenness of texture, though scarcely so dazzlingly white as the French manufacture; a good deal of excellent quality was exhibited by several makers, both in tea and table services. Among the painted porcelain, the greater part was capitally executed; the colours very brilliant, and the gilding had every appearance of similar good workmanship. We repeat, there was little attempt at invention of form; it would perhaps be unproductive by the side of such powerful competitors as the French are, in this branch of industry, and even against those of England.

Messrs. CAPPELLEMANS and Co., are very extensive manufacturers of glass, porcelain, and pottery, all conducted at different establishments in the country, but united in a general depôt in the Place des Samedi, Brussels. Their show of specimens is very numerous, and includes a great number of articles in which utility is the main object. In porcelain they exhibit a life-size bust of King Leopold and one of the Queen, the execution of which leaves nothing to be desired. The coiffure of the Queen is peculiarly well treated in the difficult task of imitating ringlets. A great variety of objects of opal glass are manufactured by this firm. Three are subjoined, which may convey an idea of the searchings for new

forms; but of their excellent lustre and colour, no prints can give a representation.

A. VANDERCAMMER, of Brussels, contributes a terra-cotta pendant vase, two feet in diameter, in the *genre Renaissance*, richly perforated. On the border it is constructed for twelve lights; artificial flowers, imitating the convolvolus, descend in streams from the apertures, or flow over the sides, giving a very picturesque combination of the useful with the agreeable.

The earthernware, or pottery, was very limited in variety, with the exception of some capital specimens from the manufactory of Messrs. BOSCH'S, at St. Vaast, near Mons. This firm displayed some very desirable novelties in elaborate brown wares, similar to the productions of Beauvais, and other articles; but whether they are intended for sale or use is uncertain. They had no depôt in the capital, and made no reply to our applications for purchase.

The castings in iron, bronzed, sent by J. VAN ELEWYCK, are very meritorious; the ornaments are well modelled and richly combined, but the metallic appearance, with members too massive, deprive them of the elegance they really possess. There are four chandeliers, for eight or ten lights each, and two pendant vases. The material in a garden-seat, a chair, crucifix, and ecclesiastical candlesticks, does not appear so heavy as in the suspended objects: the designs have the character of being imitative of French bronzes.

Among those who have produced highly-decorated fire-arms, the most distinguished is A. JANSEN, Rue de la Montagne, Brussels. The engraving at the bottom of this page is from a work of his. The fowling-piece is not so highly ornamented as the pistol, but merits attention.

There are many examples of dress-swords in the Exhibition. The following exhibits a very elaborate specimen, with a damasked blade.

It is needless to enter into any description of these articles, Belgium has long been celebrated for their fabrication, particularly the city of Liege, which enjoys an extended renown. Many of the productions of the manufacturers in this branch are exhibited; they are of great beauty, indeed as highly ornamented as the objects can possibly admit of. Our engravings are necessarily limited to those of the manufacturers with whom it was possible to communicate during a short sojourn.

Although we are familiar with the name of 'Brussels,' as applied to carpeting, there is no manufactory of carpets in the city, nor has it ever been renowned for the fabric. The city of Tournay is the seat of its manufacture in Belgium; the carpets woven there are entirely of one piece, either square, or adapted to the forms of the apartments on which they are employed. Messrs. OVERMAN and DELEVIGNE, of this latter city, exhibit a carpet, in imitation of those named *Savonnerie*. It is of a white ground, with a large centre ornament, and a rich border of the Louis Quinze pattern. The size did not appear more than twenty feet square, and it had affixed to it the price of 1,950 francs. A smaller one, being in pattern an imitation of the fabric of Smyrna, usually styled with us 'Turkey,' was marked at 660 francs.—NORBERT, also of Tournay, contributed a carpet of dark brown ground, with damasked ornaments, very graceful in the contours, of a deep orange, shaded; the appearance was very vivid.

There are some imitations of Kidderminster from other manufactories, but very indifferent, both in colour, texture, and quality. In this fabric the looms of England are greatly superior to those of Belgium; they have nothing that approaches in excellence the carpets of Whytock, of Edinburgh, nor indeed do they show anything nearly so good as the 'Brussels,' of Pardoe and Oman, of Kidderminster. A few specimens of the work of these gentlemen would have produced a sensation in the Exposition at Brussels.

LOUIS JOBEZ, of Cureghem, is a manufacturer of '*toile cirée*,' for table covers principally. They are of exquisite patterns, but entirely and unscrupulously borrowed from French designs—a species of traffic that unhappily exists in many branches of industry in this country. The piracy of French copyright by the publishers of Belgium is a matter of notoriety, and the same practice is continually carried out by the paper-stainers. Nearly the whole of the specimens exhibited by this body are the fruits of the superior skill of their neighbours. It is, however, true that the execution of these *borrowings* is excellent, and probably they are reasonable in price, having all the advantages of cheap paper and cheap labour. They might hope for a great extension of this commerce in England since the recent reduction of the import duties, but for the want of enterprize in the manufacturers and the suspicious reserve of the copyists, who, having first pilfered the pattern, are apprehensive of being pilfered of the article when produced. Our reception at one of the principal factories in the Rue Haute, was illustrative of this impression, and displayed singular ignorance of the commercial relations between England and Belgium. From this view we must exempt the house of E. PICARD MASY, in the Rue Madelaine.

Another manufacturer in the Rue d'Or, P. VANDELAER, exhibits papers with a printed surface, imitating coarse canvas and various woven stuffs. The imitation is very clever, but the effect of these papers is uninviting. It is only just to state, however, that the Belgian paper-stainers are not the only ones who appropriate the designs of France: our English manufacturers of this article have stolen largely in this way. Not many weeks ago we saw a copy of one of the most beautiful of the 'patterns' of DELICOURT, decorating an English mansion, and learned that it was the production of a London house of 'high respectability.' We saw at once that it was a palpable theft. During our latest visit to Paris we visited the famous manufactory of M. M. DELICOURT, and examined the whole of his extensive establishment; which we purpose, at no distant period, to describe and illustrate, by a serious of wood-engravings; M. Delicourt having supplied us with the choicest patterns he has produced—in scrolls, borders, panels, &c.; and among others, one panel, printed from no fewer than *sixteen hundred blocks*.

In the manufacture of PICTURE FRAMES a very agreeable feature is the insertion of arabesque forms, highly burnished, on the flat dead-gilt mouldings, merely traced out, and not raised above the surface. D. VANDENBROECK, of Brussels, exhibits a chimney-glass; the moulding of the frame is simple, and it has an ogee top; the plain moulding serves to sustain bunches of grapes and figs in silver or pale yellow gold, and produces a very agreeable and pleasing effect. There is also a carved frame intended for a portrait, of great beauty, but so overpowering in ornament as to destroy any picture that may be inserted.

EMBROIDERY was surely never carried to such an excess as in the complete attire for a bishop, manufactured by JOSEPH VAN HALLE, of Antwerp. The gold ornaments are so overlaid in devices, that the ground of crimson velvet is scarcely perceptible; these ornaments are wrought highly in relief. The attire included mitre, gloves, shoes, and a crozier, inlaid with jewels—with which the clasp on the breast, and the mitre were also studded; nor were large jewelled rings omitted—to be worn over the heavily-adorned gloves. The price affixed to this suit was 100,000 francs (£4,000), including the jewels, or 70,000 francs without them. There were some other robes exhibited, composed of crimson velvet or white satin; the price of these single articles was marked 5,000 francs (£200) each: these over-gorgeous clerical habiliments bore the tickets 'sold,' shortly after the Exhibition opened. In a more humble class of embroidery, that of the needle on cambric, Madame SCHIRWER exhibits a pocket handkerchief, of which the price was given, 200 francs. It was, to say the least, interesting.

F. SCHOTMAN, of Brussels.—The article of furniture known among us by the name of cheffonier, although evidently of French origin, is here termed a bazar. The one contributed by this maker has four stages or shelves, two of them forming a lesser portion, placed on the lower part. This lower part has a back of crimson velvet to each shelf, the angles are supported by spiral columns, bearing a basket of flowers; the shelves of the upper part are backed by looking-glass; the whole is of white wood, richly gilt, carved in the style of Louis Quatorze, and is a magnificent drawing-room ornament: it will become particularly so, when the shelves are fillied with the articles of *vertu* they are intended to contain.

LOUIS HOOGHSTOEL, of Ghent, contributed a cabinet in rosewood, of the most pure and elegant design, *à la Renaissance*.

In FURNITURE the Exhibition is replete with admirable specimens. A. F. ROULE, of Antwerp,

has contributed some remarkably fine articles. A Gothic book-case, in rose-wood, was covered with extraordinarily rich details, carved with minute precision. The key of this cabinet is a beautiful example in imitation of the attention given to such objects in former days. A Gothic chair, entirely gilt, with crimson velvet back and seat, was a worthy companion of the preceding. A bedstead of the French form has the side and ends embellished with a profusion of carving in high relief; it is constructed of polished rose-wood; the design is admirable, but we think it is copied from a similar object in the last Paris Exhibition of the Industrial Arts. A billiard-table, by L. ARIX, of Courtray, is highly ornamented: the frame is supported by massive legs, boldly carved, and the sides are adorned with a succession of pendants, richly inlaid with various woods, and with small carved busts inserted in each.

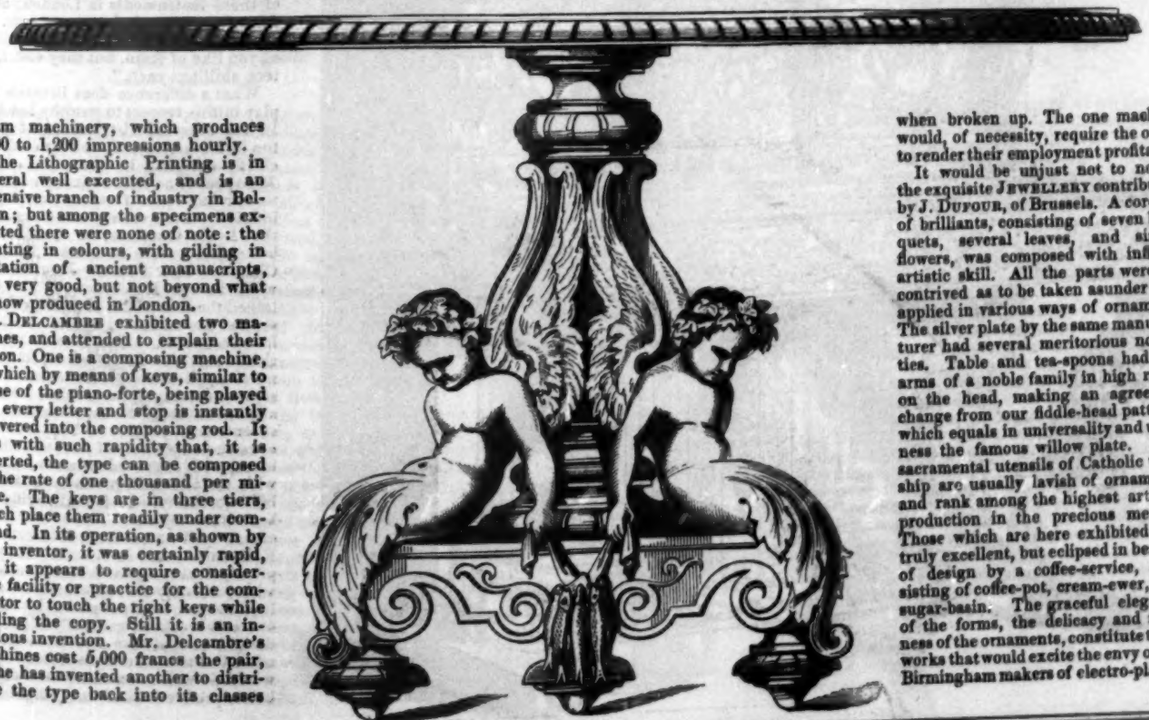
T. DE LEEMANS, of the Rue des Paroissiens, Brussels, exhibits a number of specimens of furniture. We have engraved the table which follows. It will be seen that the design is of great beauty; the genii crowned with vine leaves indicate its festive application; their wings are cleverly extended to form the support, and contribute to the general grace of the mass. The whole is gilt, and has a superb appearance.

There are a variety of chairs from the same manufactory, in the styles of various epochs; of these we give two examples.

The press is sufficiently prolific, and owes its activity and extent to the re-publication of French modern literature. The system has achieved a title, and 'Belgian piracies' are an avowed branch of national industry, consequently there is a strewing of them in the Exhibition. Generally they are re-prints, in a cheap form, on ordinary paper, and of small size. The editions "de Luxe," of Paris, are not imitated, nor are works that depend on illustration by engravings. The most numerous portion of the piracies are of the French romancists and novel writers; therefore, Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, A. Dumas, and the like, are preyed on to an immense extent. In the mass the publishers of France participate in culpability with the Belgians, by a similar piracy of English writers. The Messrs. Avanzo, of Liege, are publishers of a number of these works in the Exhibition. The Societé des Beaux Arts, under the vice-presidency of (*Gerant* also) M. Dewasme Pletinchx, knight of two orders, displays the piracy of D. Robert's work on the Holy Land, and an elegant octavo volume, called the "Golden Book of Families," embellished with sixty reduced lithographics from the above work, with descriptions of the localities. Another firm, called the "Societé Typographique Belge," of A. Wahlen and Co., exhibits a number of wood-cuts, printed by steam machinery, which produces 1,000 to 1,200 impressions hourly.

The Lithographic Printing is in general well executed, and is an extensive branch of industry in Belgium; but among the specimens exhibited there were none of note: the printing in colours, with gilding in imitation of ancient manuscripts, was very good, but not beyond what is now produced in London.

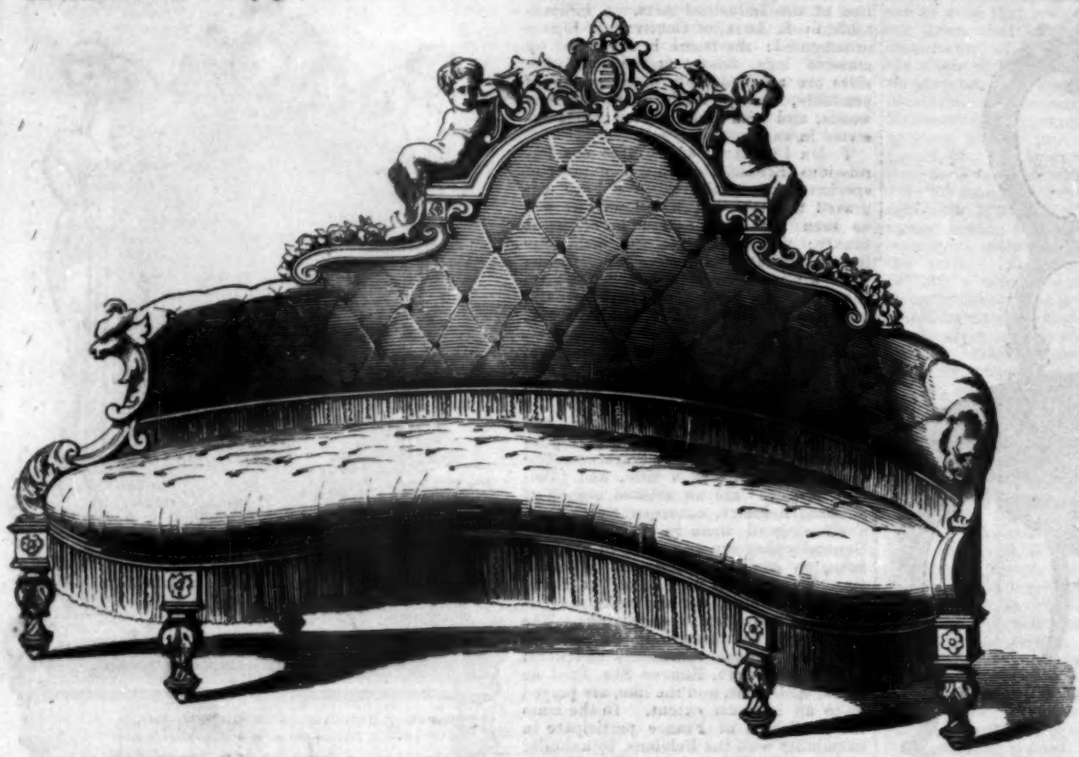
J. DELCAMBRE exhibited two machines, and attended to explain their action. One is a composing machine, in which by means of keys, similar to those of the piano-forte, being played on, every letter and stop is instantly delivered into the composing rod. It acts with such rapidity that, it is asserted, the type can be composed at the rate of one thousand per minute. The keys are in three tiers, which place them readily under command. In its operation, as shown by the inventor, it was certainly rapid, but it appears to require considerable facility or practice for the compositor to touch the right keys while reading the copy. Still it is an ingenious invention. Mr. Delcambre's machines cost 5,000 francs the pair, for he has invented another to distribute the type back into its classes when broken up. The one machine would, of necessity, require the other to render their employment profitable.

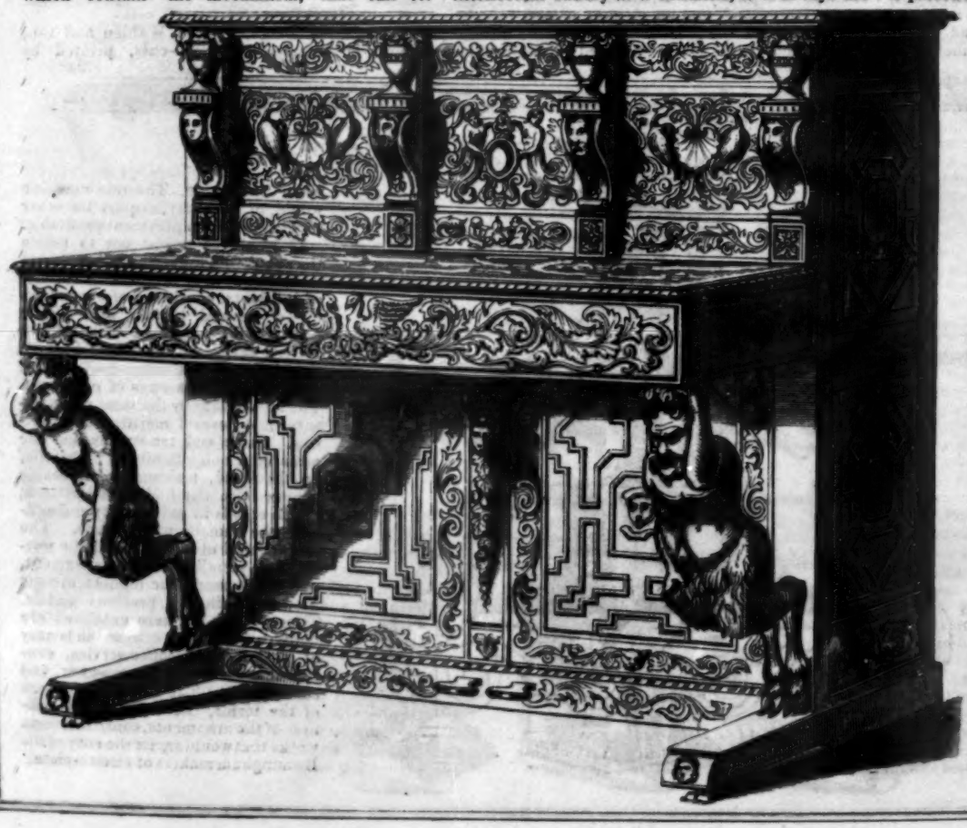


It would be unjust not to notice the exquisite JEWELLERY contributed by J. DUFOUR, of Brussels. A coronet of brilliants, consisting of seven bouquets, several leaves, and single flowers, was composed with infinite artistic skill. All the parts were so contrived as to be taken asunder and applied in various ways of ornament. The silver plate by the same manufacturer had several meritorious novelties. Table and tea-spoons had the arms of a noble family in high relief on the head, making an agreeable change from our fiddle-head pattern, which equals in universality and ugliness the famous willow plate. The sacramental utensils of Catholic worship are usually lavish of ornament, and rank among the highest artistic production in the precious metals. Those which are here exhibited are truly excellent, but eclipsed in beauty of design by a coffee-service, consisting of coffee-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin. The graceful elegance of the forms, the delicacy and richness of the ornaments, constitute them works that would excite the envy of the Birmingham makers of electro-plate.

The subjoined sofa, from the factory of M. De Leemans, is also a capital specimen of ornamentation. The frame-work is entirely gilt, and, with the damask covering of the back and seat, presents a gorgeous appearance.

Two small apartments on the upper floor are devoted to MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, principally piano-fortes and harmoniums; the latter being similar to our seraphines; as regards their qualities of emitting sweet sounds nothing need be here said: it is only the external appearance, or the cases which contain the mechanism, that call for notice, in reference to style of ornament, or decoration. The piano-forte is now the most important appendage of the drawing-room—it is the type of the destination of the apartment. As the drawing-room is considered the chief source of intellectual luxury in a mansion, it is always the most highly adorned. The richest curtains and carpets, the most superb hangings, gorgeous furniture and mirrors, are its attributes. The elegancies of porcelain and bronze are here distributed; everything, in short, that can gratify a refined taste, and captivate the eye by its *recherché* elegance. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that the piano-forte stands alone with us in all the ugliness and poverty of idea, displayed by our ordinary upholsterers and cabinet-makers. The horizontal grand piano-forte has advanced no farther from the habitual routine, than to have a few unmeaning scrolls, often outraging every mathematical form, and baptised *'à la Louis Quatorze!'* All the class of upright instruments, whether called grand, cabinet, piccolo, or cottage, offer an abundant field for artistic design. How little it has been applied in England, a visit to the ware-rooms of our great manufacturers will show. Lanky columns, defying all proportion, as thick at the top as at the bottom, with nondescript bases and capitals, supporting a cornice, with entablature, frieze, and moulding, all from the carpenter's bench, put together without knowledge, science, art, or judgment, with a miserable piece of red silk drawn in pleats, or gathered in the centre—such are the majority of the musical instruments constructed in London. Sometimes, it is true, a piece of uncouth carving is placed at the ends of the cornice, and so little is either taste understood or desired, that very recently only, on a remark being made to one of the first makers of these instruments in London, as to the coarseness of the ornaments, his reply was—"You may think as little as you like of them, but they cost fourteen shillings each."





What a difference does Brussels display in this respect to wealthy London! In the external distribution of parts the forms are varied, well studied, and chiefly designed in the style of the *Renaissance*; a style eminently adapted to drawing-room furniture, displaying infinitely more variety and grace than the Louis Quatorze, or Quinze, and being less severe or sombre than the Classic. Mr. FELIX JASTRZEBSKI, who, in the Exhibition of 1841, obtained the first medal of merit, exhibits several instruments, one of which we have engraved. The case is of oak, richly carved. In its effect, from the novel application of the material and style of carving, it harmonises with the ancient cabinets of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. The other is constructed entirely of pierced polished brass, with engraved ornaments, inlaid with tortoiseshell, precisely as the old buhl furniture. It is a glittering and beautiful object. There are many others by VERHASSELT, HOBERECHTS, F. BERDEN, and J. LORET. They are principally in rosewood, highly polished, with delicately-carved ornaments; the legs are frequently replaced by chimer or scroll brackets, generally of graceful design, and always free from clumsiness. Our manufacturers of piano-fortes would do well to examine carefully the better productions of their neighbours.

In MARBLE WORKS the Exhibition is very rich; much of the marble is indigenous, of great diversity in colour and vein, and capable of receiving a brilliant polish. In this branch of decorative art the manufacturers have proved themselves true artists. Even in the least adorned, there is always graceful form, while the more elaborate specimens are charged with figures worthy of the sculptor's art. Notwithstanding all the luxury of the interiors of our modern mansions, having pretension to importance, we are very far behind our neighbours in this appendage to our firesides. We may boast of their comfort, but their beauty is yet to appear, invested with the charms of the sculptor's chisel. The subjects we have chosen for illustration are entirely from the designs of M. LECLERCQ, of the Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels. He is one of the few manufacturers who are also artists. The principal piece he exhibits is a highly studied composition, in the style of the Renaissance; every detail is carefully made out with a chastened feeling, even in the exuberance of ornament; the chiselling is delicate, and as it is constructed of pure statuary marble, full value is given to every detail by the light and shade. On a visit to the Exposition, made by the Minister of the Interior, M. Leclercq was complimented by him, as having exhibited the most artistic work of the whole collection. The other chimney-pieces we have engraved were not among those sent; but are introduced with the desire of calling the attention of architects to their suitableness for large mansions, or of the wealthy to replace the poor and ill-carved productions of the stone-mason's yards, which deform so many noble apartments in recent erections in England. The subjoined, with the clock in the centre, is indeed sumptuous.

The next has less pretension, but offers scope for the grace of female form in the caryatides. Of these examples we made copies in the work-shops of the manufacturer; and we have recommended him to export some of them to England, where we have no doubt they would meet with a ready sale; for, while they are immeasurably superior in character and decoration to the best we have hitherto produced in this country, they are considerably less in cost than the inferior productions of our "marble works," which, unfortunately, are little better than masons' yards.

We can name with commendation Messrs. LIBOTTON, of Brussels, and Messrs. GEILL, of Ghent, as having contributed similar objects, all more or less artistic in conception, but vastly superior to anything of the kind yet imported; although we occasionally find a number of inferior ones, consigned for sale, at the auction rooms, during the season.

A. VAN LIERDE, of Etterbeck, besides some chimney-pieces, has sent a cross, sculptured in statuary marble, of great beauty; the base, which supports it, is ornamented with a profusion of elegantly combined scrolls.

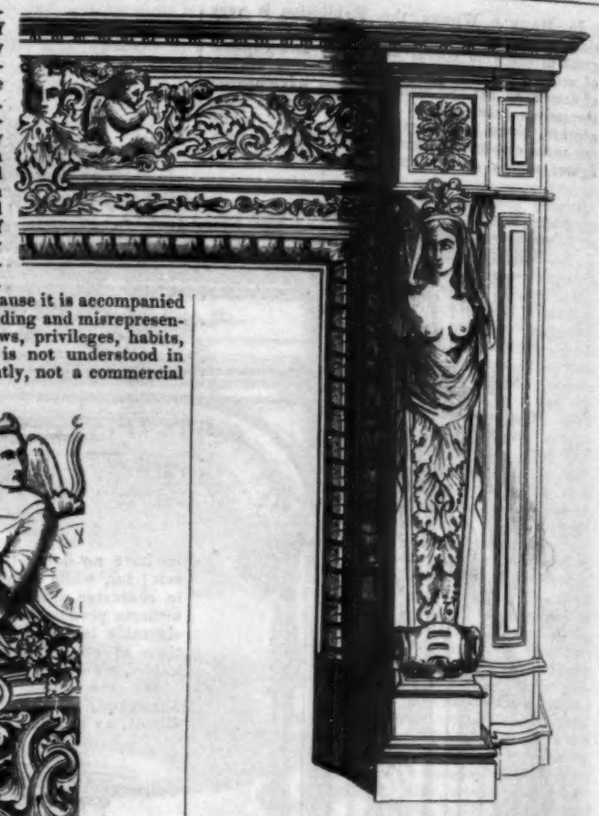
An apartment, expressly constructed, adjacent to the entrepôt, and entered by a door from the interior, was destined for the display of STAINED, or PAINTED GLASS WINDOWS. It was not finished when we quitted Brussels, but we were permitted a view, and the result is, that it may be said they were respectable performances. The names of the artists by whom they were contributed, are A. CUNIER and J. B. CAPRONNIER, both residing in the capital. It is probable there is but small encouragement for this class of art; we believe demand would be the better word: if there were, the concurrence that would arise would compel the employment of better talent in the designs. The present examples do not depart, in the slightest degree, from common-place routine of idea, notwithstanding Belgium possesses, in her churches, some of the most brilliant remains of this Ecclesiastical Fine Art. The colours of one of the exhibited windows were good; the other not so flattering, from the employment of brown shades. It would be scarcely necessary to notice them, if it were not that sheet glass is manufactured at so low a rate in Belgium, that the Messrs. CAPPELLEMANS export considerable quantities to England. Consequently, with the great family of artists composing the modern school, it would be facile to find talent to execute good works, which might become more frequently in demand, if moderation of price offered temptation for its use in private houses. For the purpose of stair-case windows, or back apartments, where the view of the offices is not desired, it is already making progress in England, and is on the road to become one of our luxuries; but, like all other adjuncts of comfort and convenience, it requires moderation of cost, with extension of application. The latter is the certain result, as the enlarged and increasing use of plate glass verifies.

In fine colours applicable to the arts, several specimens were of remarkable lustre—temptingly so; and we thought it would serve the interest of artists to make them known in England, by obtaining samples. J. SEGHERS, of Malines, had in the Exhibition twelve samples of *bleu azur*, the best of them being of the most dazzling hue. Being at Malines, we sought out the maker, and found he kept a little shop in the Rue Haute, where he sold grocery on one side, and *genievre* on the other; but not a single atom of *bleu azur* was visible. Nor was any other person to be spoken with but his lusty *Vrouwe*, and she appeared somewhat surprised at a demand for anything but sugar or gin. However she promised a sample of the colour should be sent, and although payment was offered in advance, or on reception, no sample arrived. This circumstance is only mentioned to express our belief, as we have met similar occurrences, that some persons have contributed articles as their manufacture which have never been made by them, and in the present instance our impression is that M. Seghers has no manufactory whatever of colours, but has created himself an exhibitor by offering the production of some other person. Another remark

we would make as indicative of the confined idea of commerce existing in Belgium, is, that in frequent instances, a female, either a wife or daughter, is the only representative of a manufacturing firm with whom it is possible to communicate. Messrs. KENNIS and VAN MECHELEN, of Louvain, exhibited fifty-four samples of brilliant colours, principally greens and chromes. The greens, called Verts du Tavis, Gustave de Paris, and National, were rich in hue beyond anything we are acquainted with, and the chromes were equally admirable, particularly the 'Orange fin,' which resembled a vivid flame in intensity. We were equally unsuccessful with these gentlemen in obtaining samples for England, although they replied to our request, by a promise never attended to, and a desire that we should not confound their colours with those of other makers, that vanished like snow in the sun, but rely on their's being intended to endure to the end of time.

A meeting, called a Congress of Commerce, is now being held in Brussels, at the Town Hall. The great object is to give extension to the manufacturing industry of the country, and produce employment for the great mass of labour, wanting the means of subsistence. The Congress is comprised of many eminent persons, natives, who are naturally the most interested, and several distinguished foreigners. Such meetings can only be productive of some good, at least, by discussing the various bearings, obtaining opinions, and proposing means. The Exhibition, being open at the same time, becomes an ample field for reference to the capabilities of industrial production, in its various ramifications. The feasibility of the meeting of this Congress for much beneficial result may be doubted, the composition of its members are not likely to lead to that unity of thought, which alone will give impulse to powerful action. Among the foreigners invited, the names of some English appear, among whom is Dr. Bowring, M.P.; but the French visitors appear in overpowering numbers, and include a great number of political writers. For many reasons, we think the presence of the latter will prove the alloy of the undertaking. There will be too many panaceas promulgated, every one will enforce his own ideas, with the opiniated confidence of his class, an overwhelming verbosity will confuse the simplicity of means, and there will appear the prevalent tincture of antipathy to our own country. We allude to the latter, because it is accompanied with a general misunderstanding and misrepresentation of our commercial laws, privileges, habits, and resources. Commerce is not understood in France, and it is, consequently, not a commercial

nation. The writers on it, in that country, are both virulent and partial, awing the ministers, who are besieged with intrigues and every underhand motive that can be employed for private peculation, rather than legitimate commerce. The abundant prohibitions contained in its Custom's laws glaringly proclaim the inferior conception of commercial interest. Returning to the composition of this Congress, there is a fear that something like private advantage will actuate the various persons who are among the Belgian members of the meeting. Unfortunately for Belgium, it is split into classes, each province having separate notions and views, apart from the universal well-being, and strenuously urging them in advance, to the detriment of the rest. This is particularly the case with the province of East Flanders, that possesses the most abundant population. The authorities and the press of this province are always mingled in the intrigues and influences that neutralise the powers of the Ministry, and occasion those frequent changes of the executive power. There can be no doubt but that these local feelings occasioned the manufacturers of Ghent to make the sorry figure in the National Exhibition, which is their reproach, with their thousands of unemployed cotton-weavers, suffering within the walls of that city from destitution of employment. The Belgian manufacturers need instruction: they will get abundance of it from their French neighbours of a very profitless character. The true interest of Belgium is to associate itself with England in commercial relations and ideas—imitative of its course and policy in commerce. Belgium wants both capital and commercial instruction, which France is barren of, and England can alone supply; the task is



for a wise administration to prepare the way by a revisal of the laws which clog the freedom of trade, and impede the establishment of many of the necessary branches of manufacture of the country. Mr. Jobard, in a pamphlet on the state of industry in Belgium, has pointed out in a catalogue nearly two hundred articles, for which the country is totally indebted to strangers, not having a single factory in the kingdom for their production. Mr. Jobard is one of the most ardent advocates for industrial occupation of the people, and has laboured in his writings to urge it on the consideration of the government; pointing out the impossibility of the happiness of a great portion of the people of the kingdom being effected by any other means. The land is cultivated to the fullest excess, and leaves no further resource to the inhabitants in its cultivation. The many writings of Mr. Jobard on the subject are replete with details deserving serious reflection, and, if studied, are pregnant with great results to the country of his adoption.

We shall resume our analysis of the Brussels' Exhibition of the Industrial Arts in our succeeding number, with further illustrations. Those which accompany our present number may convey some idea of the condition of the various manufactures having reference to artistic design. The Exhibition contained many of the most elaborate combinations successfully executed, which we should have been glad to give. The difficulties of such an undertaking can hardly be understood, for even with the most ample permission on the part of the manufacturers, there always arose some ceremonies of routine on the part of the lesser officials; no opportunity could be afforded for our artists but during the hours of exposition, when the halls were thronged by visitors, and the crowding of the articles, in several instances, precluded all possibility of seeing them for the purpose of making any sketch, while the removing of anything was expressly forbidden. Under the most favourable circumstances, the difficulty of making such drawings as would afford an adequate and correct idea of articles of Industrial Art is very great, especially when they must necessarily be of a size adapted to the columns of our journal, and therefore somewhat circumscribed to suit our purpose; still, we trust sufficient has been done to answer the end we have in view.

FORMS OF THE ANTIQUE,

AS APPLICABLE TO BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

Since the publication of the last of our notes on the forms ornamental and general, observable in the best works of antiquity, such great strides have been made in the onward course of improvement by the manufacturers of our own country, as to show a sound desire on their parts for the development of first-rate excellence, and for the proper pre-eminence of English art-manufacture. No month has passed without our being enabled to exhibit to our readers palpable proofs of this great fact in the many cuts we have strewn about our pages, and which, in a collected form, become a convincing and striking proof that our workmen are "up and doing." Wholesome emulation, individual zeal, and a well-directed taste, are the necessities for great success; a success assured and obtainable; a success which the energies at present in the field will ultimately obtain, and to which we say "God speed."

The few additional remarks we shall have to make to those we have already given, will be entirely confined to an exposition of the prevailing principles which guided the ornamentation adopted by the Greeks and Romans; and to show how all has been based on nature, however unlikely the fact seems at the first view, fancy was allowed its full scope, but natural beauty always reined it. This admirable principle has been well enforced by our living novelist, Mr. G. P. R. James, who in his last work, "Russell, a Tale of the Reign of Charles II." says:—"I think that in art, as well as morals, truth is the great foundation of all excellence. We may add ornaments, but the ornaments must themselves be true, and the disposition of them according to the inherent truth of nature. It is all the same with the poem, the statue, the painting: they are the expression of truths. The fiction, the imagination, is in the arrangement and in the selection. How any figure shocks the mind in poetry that has not truth as its basis: how any combination of colours that were never seen combined offends the eye!"

The frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum are remarkable, amid all their fancied combinations and freedom, for the manner in which this rule has been preserved. However fanciful the design, it is possible to analyse all things, and reduce them to their natural prototypes. This is visible in the example here given from the magnificent volumes published at Naples, descriptive of the contents of the *Museo Borbonico*. We have the grouping in one pictured panel of the human form, in its highest attribute of divinity, displayed by the floral winged goddess in the centre, who is showering her beauties on the earth beneath; of architecture subservient to the central solidity of the design; its hard angularities nullified by the lines of foliage, &c., which surround and lead the eye agreeably over the spaces on each side; of the dolphin, a denizen of another element, whose elegant outline has been gracefully combined with the Greek volute, displaying the lively fancies of the artist; the laurel wreaths, bands, fillets, and flowers, are all happily adjusted; and thus, in this small group, we find abundant evidence of that general study of all things which was characteristic of ancient artistic education, as the denizens of each element are pressed into the service of the decorator in the design before us.

We can illustrate this fact by other examples. The most valued of ancient pottery—the Samian

ware—abounds with proof in its ornamentation of the natural study of the pottery decorators in the early days of its fabrication. The patera and bowls are generally enriched by borders of foliage, animals, or groups of figures, of the most beautiful kind. A specimen is before us, in which the vine-branch and its leaves form the principal decoration. Among them small birds rest and fly, and, though perhaps objectionable in their proportions, yet give a gaiety and lightness to the pattern, and tend to show how propriety in accessories was studied by the artists who decorated these fictile works, which appear to have been highly valued; as it not unfrequently happens that broken cups and patera are discovered, which have been carefully riveted in ancient times by their former owners. The beauty of the fabric cannot be sufficiently extolled; and it is curious that we have

never yet arrived at the same perfection of plastic art as is exhibited in the Samian pottery of antiquity. The exceedingly compact and pure red clay of which it is made, the sharpness and delicacy with which it receives the impressed ornaments upon its surface, the brilliant glaze which gives it the aspect of coral, leave it still a fabric *sui generis*; it stands alone, and is yet without a modern rival. Of course china and porcelain, and the finer clays, which are decorated to the purposes of artificial elegance cannot be quoted against this. But for red clay, strong and adapted for rough purposes, the Samian ware is yet unapproached. It would be well if our manufacturers would try how far it would be possible to reproduce so fine a fabric; and it would be better did England possess, as France does in the Sévres factory, the means of trying the necessary experiments to do so.

In many instances, we find the flowing lines of foliage carried around medallions filled with

figures of birds and beasts, groups of sacred, warlike, and civil implements, figures of men or gods, or the human bust. In the specimen here given we have a less dignified example; the goose, which saved the capital, figures upon it; a bird, however much we may despise it, except upon the dinner table, which was worshipped by those who used the vessel from which we copied its form. It serves to show how attentive they were to the adoption of natural figures: the wild plant that trails about it and exhibits its hairy leaves, is a chaste and elegant object when seen running around the bowl; and similar trailing plants were most usually adopted, and with the happiest effect encircling the rim of cup or bowl.

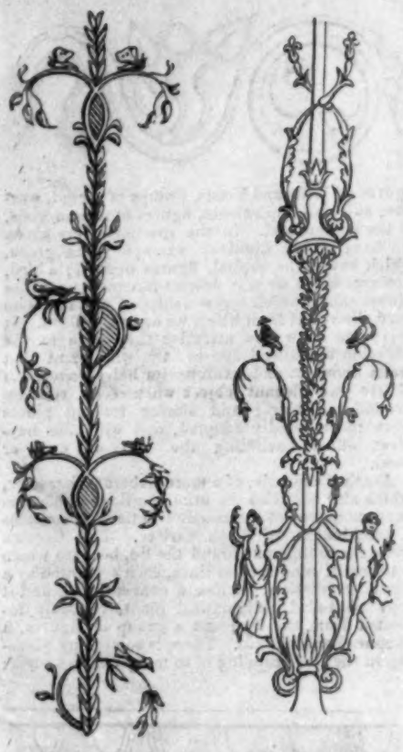
Another example, of a more elaborate character, which also encircles the brim of a Samian bowl, is here submitted to the reader's notice. It contains a combination of much variety. The Grecian ovolo moulding runs round the lip, beneath which a series of semicircular lines, each separated by a pendant foliation, enclose a conventional, and it may be added, enigmatical plant, probably invented from the ivy; and a group of figures, a shepherd and his kid. There is something pleasing in the free grouping of so many distinct parts;

the way in which the lines are varied in number and form; and the introduction of so many *shapes*, produce in the original a pleasing effect, and are suggestive of much to a similarly unfettered fancy.

Upon the walls of the rooms at Pompeii, we find frequent specimens of such groupings; and it was the study of similar specimens of antique art which gave Raphael the idea of the decoration of his famous *Loggia*, at Rome, and which may be said to have revived this species of ornament. This sort of decoration was adopted by the ancients, to separate panels on walls, which would else have been monotonous and tasteless. It is instructive to see how stiffness has been avoided and freedom obtained in the specimens in the next column. The straight line of regularly laid olive leaves, in the first instance, has been varied by the springing of branches therefrom, the spaces of their intersections being filled in with flat tints of gay hue. A few leaves occasionally burst forth from the main line, which break its stiffness, the double branch does this more effectually, but the artist, anxious to destroy monotony, has placed a single branch between each double one, which bends alternate ways, while the whole is rendered free by the grasshoppers, butterflies, and birds placed in them. The varied disposition of whose forms aid in dissipating the restraint which the design might else display.

In the second instance, the main line is still more irregular in its taste, and more judiciously varied. The eye of the reader will detect in it much that would occupy too great a space fully to analyse. Conventional forms, flowing foliage, birds, and human figures, each contribute their part to the graceful total; the abundant variety of tints which would thus be called into the use of the decorator, and the freedom from restraint in colour which would thus be allowed him, must always produce striking and happy results; which have really left the ornamental designs of these

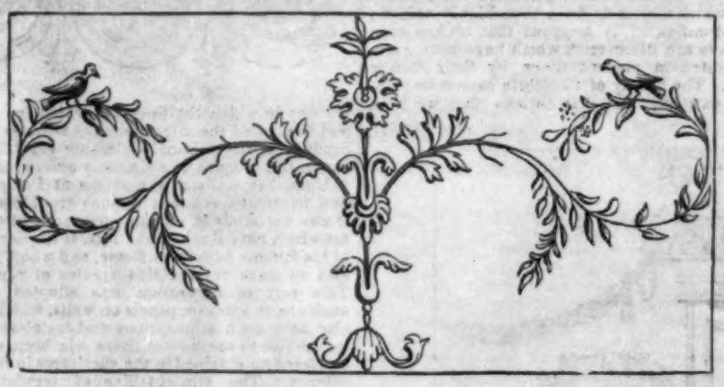
early decorators rivalled, but not excelled, by those of any other age or country.



A tablet from the walls of the same city will afford another specimen of the delicacy and taste displayed by these early house-decorators. The ground-work of this panel is of a rich chocolate tint, upon which the foliage is painted in many hues of green. The central staff, a combination of fancied foliation, calls to mind, as indeed does the entire design, that the light and more graceful patterns, adopted for panels, looking-glass frames, &c., about the latter end of the last century, originated in the study of these earlier works; they still hang on the walls of the buildings then erected, executed in plaster or wood. An instance, among many, of the truth of the poetical line—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"—which may contribute to the elegance and the habits of any race at any period, adapting itself, as the flowers do, to all ages and circumstances.

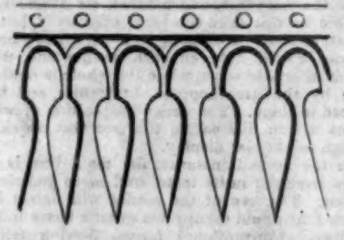
Not alone did the walls of ancient Greece and Rome exhibit its pictures, its ornament, its varied imaginings; not alone did the private room of the luxurious patrician, or his public table display the variety of artistic form. Art even visited the servants' rooms and the kitchen. We have here the rim of a large bronze cauldron, so elegant in design, that it would disgrace no silver cup, even if destined for the toilet-table of a modern beauty. There is a simplicity, a classicality, about this design, that would seem to plead for its rescue

from the oblivion of centuries,—that would assert its claim to attention and notice over much that is worthless by a comparison with it, that would



ask the modern manufacturer to render it subservient to his use. Need such asking be in vain?

A border of pendant ornaments of much simplicity is exhibited on another bronze, to which we must solicit attention. The raised border running around it is decorated by circles. The pendants beneath have been suggested by the buds of plants and their foot-stalks; but have been rendered peculiarly ornamental. A similar style of decoration is seen in the most ancient paintings with which modern discoveries have made us acquainted; those upon the walls of the tombs and temples of Egypt. It has therefore descended from the earliest days of art, and would still be simple, chaste, and even *novel*, if adopted upon many articles of every-day use at this advanced period of the world's age. Our intention has been to enforce the claims of these antiques to notice, and to suggest their compositions as affording *hints* to modern manufacturers.



Another example of a simple and peculiar ornament, running round the upper part of a Samian bowl is here offered to the reader's notice. It is by a repetition of a similarly unpretending style of decoration that the happiest effects are frequently produced, and all persons acquainted with the practical part of ornamental design, can bear witness to the difficulty of obtaining a striking simplicity, in contradistinction to the comparative ease with which abundance of heterogenous parts may be heaped together, and an incongruous mass of contradictory items grouped in one, sometimes christened *richness of detail;* and which is so glaringly obtrusive, and so offensive, in that worst of all styles of ornamentation, known as the *Louis Quatorze style.*

In the little design here given, we find a simple and not inelegant pattern adopted; the repetition of the single figure is not by any means objectionable when carried around the entire border of the object, and the general effect of the whole is chaste, when stamped boldly, as it is in the original. This effect is much aided, and gives a completeness to the design.

In most of the minor elegancies of life, and in the details of art, the same good taste, and the

same study of applicability, was used. The *rhyton*, or drinking-cup, was frequently formed in the shape of the head of a bird or animal. This was not only elegant in itself, but subservient to the Bacchanalian purposes for which it was constructed: it could not be set down when filled with drink until it was emptied. In the same manner the old *tumblers* were constructed, and are sometimes to be seen in the museum of the antiquary. In the Anglo-Saxon times they had no foot; and thus 'potations pottle-deep' were continually indulged in. It is not our wish to exhibit patterns for drinking vessels, neither would the improved tastes of society tolerate such intemperate usages; but we would point out the elegant way in which the head of the stag has been adapted to this purpose, and the simple and natural beauty of the handle formed of its horns. The way in which this *form* has adapted itself to a definite usage, reads another useful lesson in design.

Another example of elegant adaptation may be studied in the little cut with which we shall conclude our present selection. It is one of the handles of a large vase, both of which are formed from dolphins. The elegant bend of the fish is admirably adapted to this purpose, and it has been seen and felt by the artist who thus availed himself of its applicability. It would be difficult to conceive a more elegant handle, one so strictly natural, yet so perfectly useful. We submit these things to the modern manufacturer as *suggestive*, and we shall be glad to find them useful, if only in furnishing hints for consideration. There is much to be learned by a careful study of what has been done before our time; we have the experience of past ages, as a bequest to be used for present excellence. It is a bequest to be treasured and used for improvement. To a fertile mind fresh combinations will suggest themselves, even by a study of the oldest designs, and in many such, are admirable portions that might be made most available. In our next, and concluding, paper, we shall consider some of these minor details more fully, and endeavour to point out the adaptation of Greek and Roman feeling to modern tastes. The late Josiah Wedgwood did wonders in this way, and the beautiful works he has left us, in the purest clay, of a lightness and elegance rivalled only by the finest material, show how much it is possible for the English manufacturer to rival the finest works of antiquity. His success furnishes a useful lesson to all who study his career.

THE MOTHER'S WELCOME.

ENGRAVED BY A. W. WILDBLOOD, FROM A PAINTING BY L. POLLACK,
IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND,
AT TRENTHAM HALL.

Printed by Dixon & Parkes

Proofs on India Paper £5.

PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE ART-UNION JOURNAL.

PORCELAIN STOVES IN GERMANY.

Among the improvements which are daily introduced into England, there is one of great importance, which it is singular should have been so long neglected: I allude to the clay, or porcelain, stoves of Germany. The very superior advantage of these first of household comforts require only to be manifested to supersede every other mode of heating; it is certainly less than half the expense of any, preserves the apartments from all the inconvenience of dust or smoke, and places a beautiful work of art at very little expense, at the disposal of every one, according to his means or taste. The stoves to which I refer, are made of clay, which in England abounds, they are cast in moulds of various dimensions, according to the size or design, baked and glazed to fine stone tints, in the same way as other clay productions. They can be made of every species of that material, to suit the station and views of those for whom they are constructed. To improve the taste of the public, great care must be taken at the commencement, to furnish good designs for the casts, no matter how simple, for like the earthenwares of the Greeks and Romans, the smallest and most unostentatious, and even the most menial utensils, upon whose simplicity the arts could not improve, are full of that great principle of good taste which leaves nothing to be wished. Good designs, therefore, must be first provided in abundance, not only for the wealthy, but for the humblest cottage, of which any number can be furnished, from an inexhaustible source, and placed before the manufacturer of the casts. It is impossible to convey to the British public an idea of the boundless comfort, and advantage, and economy, in every way to be derived from the introduction of porcelain stoves, from the first purchase of the article, to the heating, and to the preservation of clothes, and especially furniture, by its cleanliness. The wealthy would have an opportunity of introducing into their apartments a new piece of furniture, and an additional luxury, and call forth the arts in the richest materials, in structures, with which the most elaborate marble chimney-piece cannot be brought into comparison. The stove can be formed of, or cased with, marble, bronze, metal gilt, cast from the richest and most elaborate designs; of columns, shrines, pedestals, upon which may be placed statues, busts, and vases; the latter to contain water to correct the dryness of the air, or rose, and other waters, which give out additional perfume by warmth—vases are always beautiful in themselves, and can be rendered still more so when filled with flowers in summer. Models of architecture, in classic or Gothic styles, produce an exquisite effect as furniture, and would be of immense value as works of art, giving out at the same time, in winter an even and summer temperature, which can never be obtained in the draughts which traverse every British apartment, caused by the air escaping up the vast aperture of the chimney in every fire-place, that ingenious contrivance for the escape of heat, carrying with it to the open air every principle of warmth for which, within, we look in vain to a blazing fire, and from which all but the favoured few in every room are excluded. There is *no* draught in a German house from the kitchen to the highest story, the lights burn as still and clear in the most humble dwellings as in a Dutch painting! and colds caught in the house are here quite unknown.

The porcelain stoves throw out a prodigious heat with very little fuel; the rooms can be kept constantly at a summer temperature, and as the system of ventilating is now so perfectly understood, the general state of the atmosphere of the room is delicious. The stoves are most frequently placed in an angle of the apartments for the convenience of lighting them, which generally is, and *always ought to be*, from the corridor, passage, or fuel closet, so that no dust nor smoke is ever introduced into the principal rooms. By the stove being placed in the angle of the apartment, the same little closet, at the back of the wall, communicates with the stoves of various rooms, and the person who attends to the fires has an opportunity of watching the whole three at the same time, without entering and traversing these apartments.

This, also, prevents all inconvenience from sweeping chimnies into a room, a barbarous nuisance, which is always, even with the most careful servants, productive of more or less detriment to the furniture and carpets; one vent is sufficient for three rooms, and the cleaning of one serves for all. The smoke immediately from the stove is carried off by a conductor of metal, sometimes of porcelain, either separate from, or within, the case which communicates with the feeding closet; in superior stoves the latter method is always adopted. This case can also be highly ornamental, if seen, and most useful at all times; in the dining-room it is used as a plate-warmer and may be covered with a slab of marble, steel, brass, or iron, ornamented in the richest manner, with fretted open scroll work; this produces an excellent effect—in summer a handsome cloth may be used as a cover and form a table for vases, &c. An endless variety of the most beautiful designs can be supplied in classic or Gothic styles ornamented with statues, or vases, or both, placed in the niches, arches, or shoulders, of the structure. The effect of this is most striking and beautiful, and would tend much to improve the taste and advance the arts, while it can be suited to all ranks and fortunes from the humblest individual to the most illustrious fortune and taste. When once the mould is made, the expense of the clay is trifling for the porcelain stoves; the material may be coarser or finer as it is for other productions from the same source; but the casts may *always* be good,—simple Greek, Roman, or Gothic, designs are ever objects worthy of attention, and are always at command, however humble the material may be of which they are formed, like the terra-cotta vases of the classic world and the red clay of the ancient celt; all kinds of the most beautiful mouldings may thus be produced. Berlin is full of such specimens; there stone is not to be had, and the buildings, some of the best architectural merit, and which appear to be worked out with the chisel, in different coloured stone, are entirely of clay, cast in moulds and burnt into bricks; for the middle and lower orders, plain columns, with or without statues, sarcophagus, or simple altar-tombs thus may be adopted with very little expense and great effect. That species of material, now so much in use, called "fire brick," and which throws out such a prodigious volume of heat, is particularly adapted to the fire-case of the stove. The heat given out from the smallest stove is so superior to that produced by the largest fire, and can be applied to so many purposes among the inferior classes, that we can but feel humiliated at our own tardiness in not having *long ago* introduced so vast an economy, comfort, and blessing.

The niches and arches, which in large and rich stoves contain vases and statues, are appropriated to various purposes in the inferior, such as ranges for actual cooking, plate warmers, vessels for supplying hot water, while the upper tiers may be used for drying various articles, such as linen—in summer, they form shelves and receptacles for vases of flowers, which the poor love as much as the rich—temporary ornaments, and neat little cupboards. In bed-rooms, also, they are of great use and comfort, as the vase which is placed for ornament furnishes a constant supply of hot water.

In houses of entertainment, all the various work of cooking, goes on in and around these, sometimes, vast porcelain structures. They are frequently placed in an angle of the apartment, which in the inferior houses, serve also as the guest chamber—a vast room surrounded with tables, placed in front of seats which are ranged along the walls; the whole centre of the room is thus left free and unobstructed, of the whole of which the guests have a view; the waiters have an unencumbered passage, and serve along the whole line of tables with great facility. The stove rises often quite to the ceiling, in tiers, each forming a shelf of about a foot wide, the whole tapering to the summit like a pyramid, and frequently surmounted by a statue or large vase. Upon the breaks, or shelves, are placed the meats as they are cooked, and may be kept at any temperature, according to the height at which they are placed; behind the stove in the angle a door opens into the cook's apartment, generally a small clean room surrounded by shelves, brackets, and every convenience of containing the implements of culinary; and where, also, is found another small stove, entirely of iron, such as has already found its way into England, and which looks like a long deep iron table with a drawer at one end, which contains the ashes of the fire, placed just above it, under the iron plate. Most of these houses have the ceiling formed of vast beams, which support the floor above, they cross each other at regular angles, are chamfered, sometimes carved, and often painted in fresco. In front of the stove there are long light poles, fixed at one end by a ring to one of the beams, the other end has a hook, which also fixes to a ring in another beam, but which is readily lifted off by means of another hand-pole, with an iron crook on the top; these poles are used for drying linen at night, one side of the pole is lowered, the linen is slipped on, and the pole is again elevated; the evaporation is wonderfully rapid, for the articles are always dry in the morning. Another great advantage in the stove is, that there is no crowding round one spot in a room, as every corner of an apartment in Germany is equally warm—the same temperature throughout. It is a mere superstition what people say with regard to the *comforts* of a cheerful blaze; it is only a feeling produced by the cold, which makes you look with trembling hope towards the ray that will never warm you, but keeps you still longing. It is impossible to describe the full and satisfied affection a German nourishes for his stove, which however far off, sends its blessed influence into every corner of his dwelling, however spacious; and in the most remote corner of which he is able to labour during the coldest days of winter, in all the comfort and luxury which the warmth of summer can produce. It is also an immense facility to the arts, in painting and varnishing in large rooms, where without a stove a temperature could never be found in severe frost for these purposes; but in Germany during the most intense cold, when the thermometer is down to 20 (Reaumur), the artist works with the facility and success of summer air.

In the great public ball-rooms, the stove is part of the architectural composition of the building, it forms one or more of the pilasters, according to the size of the room; it occupies, therefore, no additional space, creates no draught, as large fire-places do in similar places, and diffuses an agreeable temperature throughout.

The absence of stoves in Great Britain, is unquestionably one of the greatest proofs of how difficult it is to overcome a prejudice or a habit—faults with which all countries may be more or less reproached; as for instance, the absence of gas in the *capital of Bohemia!* and many of the large towns of the "thinking Germans," who use wood instead of coal, and low pressure engines on many of the railroads, not for want of coal, but from *prejudice!* and limiting the speed of the trains to twenty and twenty-five miles an hour at most! But let not England ridicule her neighbours for their inconveniences and imbecilities, as long as stoves are excluded from *their* homes—an article of the *first* importance, because it combines economy and comfort with the cultivation of the arts, which is the improvement of the public taste—a result more glorious, more eventful in its consequence, than victory obtained in a hundred battles!

Prague, August 1.

THE MOTHER'S WELCOME.

PAINTED BY POLLACK; ENGRAVED BY WILDBLOOD.

The picture supplying the engraving under this name is in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, at Trentham Hall. It is the production of a German painter of reputation, L. Pollack, whose essays in this *genre* are ever accompanied by a sentiment beyond the simple action of his figures—thus making them speak of the past and point to the future. The mother is pronouncedly Italian; not a conception originated and concluded in the studio, but studied from national characteristic, and the incident in which she acts the prominent part, is here so naturally described, that it is more probable than not, he has witnessed the scene, and painted it precisely as he saw it. In respect of picturesque quality and romantic feeling, Italy and its people are admirably fitted to each other. The every day attire, the every day usages of the people of Italy, supply inexhaustible material for artists of all nations, who go thither, as another student does to *Alma Mater*, to become acquainted with the great men who have preceeded him; but he forgets them in the living material by which he finds himself suddenly surrounded. We see, even in the engraving, the style of the modern German school of painting: so precise in the treatment of drapery, so definite in form, and sharp in outline. The scene itself is the sunny bay of Naples, studded with habitations that shine far off across the bay, in marked contrast to its deep blue waters. The artist is more extensively known by his "Italian Goat-herd," than by any other of his works; the engraving from which has been widely circulated in this country.

We have to express our grateful sense of the obligation conferred upon us by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, in permitting us to engrave this picture.

MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART THE TENTH.

"ALL like a dream, it is," said Eva to her husband, as, 'the daylight done,' in London, they sat at the open window of their apartment, looking to where they knew the sun had set, without discovering a lingering tint of colour on the dense atmosphere—thick and grey from the vapours of congregated multitudes: "all like a dream, it is," she repeated; "the brief, yet eventful, past of our young life—the fearful wreck—the most merciful preservation—the loss of our little store; and yet this later darkness serves but to render still more bright the tender help, the affectionate interest, shown and expressed towards us. What is so dear as human sympathy?"

"True," answered Sidney; but the word came coldly from his lips.

"And," she added, "the prosperity that will be sure to follow!"

Sidney neither spoke nor sighed, but he shuddered, or made some movement which caused Eva to pause; and while pushing back the abundant hair that clustered on her husband's brow, she whispered, "Dearest, you are fevered with over work."

"I am not working now, sweet Eva."

"Nay, but you are; it is not only while you hold the pencil, giving palpable existence to the creations of your mind—it is not only then you labour. I know you better, my own dear one! You look, even at me, with a vacant eye! Seeing beyond, or turning in your gaze to what is spread so richly on the broad table-land of your great heart."

"It is the only table I have to spread," he answered, smiling bitterly.

"That table will supply others in good time," was the bright reply; "and even if it did not—if still the furnishing of our earthly feastings and trappings be as scanty as—as—it must be—for a while—I could welcome its continuance, with you, for the immortality you *must* win—hereafter! I could not have knit my heart to a reputation that would have crept into its grave—nothing doing—nothing done! Had you inherited a fortune, your course, as well as your duties, would have been different; then, as now, having the great power to WILL—which is, indeed, the right to conquer. But, Sidney," she continued, in a voice of reproving tenderness, "all my eloquence is thrown away upon you. Come, we will go on a voyage of discovery; we can soon leave the streets, and meet our old companions—air and freedom—amid trees, and on grass, which the late showers have enriched with verdure."

"No, not this evening," he answered; "there is something I want to sketch, and you have been out to-day."

"But not Keeldar—Keeldar has not been out; not had his walk—poor Keeldar!" And the dog aroused himself with a shake from beside the easel, looking more wearied than he would have done after a day's hunting on Glena; the deep-toned grey about his muzzle and ears had become lighter; he seemed dusty, and his eyes were heavy. "Keeldar wants a walk," continued his mistress; and the dog again shook himself, and gave a low hollow bark; then standing on his hind legs, sniffed out of the open window, gazing with a haughty air at the chimney-pots.

"They are not trees, my old friend. Do come, Sidney!"

The artist answered only by a kiss, and prepared to do as Eva requested. It was a very delight to see how quickly she prepared for the purposed walk. How, with playful earnestness, she smoothed with her soft hand the ruffled silk of her husband's hat, and drew forth the fingers of his gloves. "There never was a better valet!" she observed, pulling down a wrinkle in the carefully-kept coat—"this temporary discomfort, Sidney, has increased my knowledge; our single room is as well ordered as though attended by a dozen Kittys. I can clean a palette! mix a salad! pleat a frill! my hands are all the stronger for the exercise; and when I get a harp, I shall ring out right bravely those chords, which, if you remember, baffled my fingers so provokingly once."

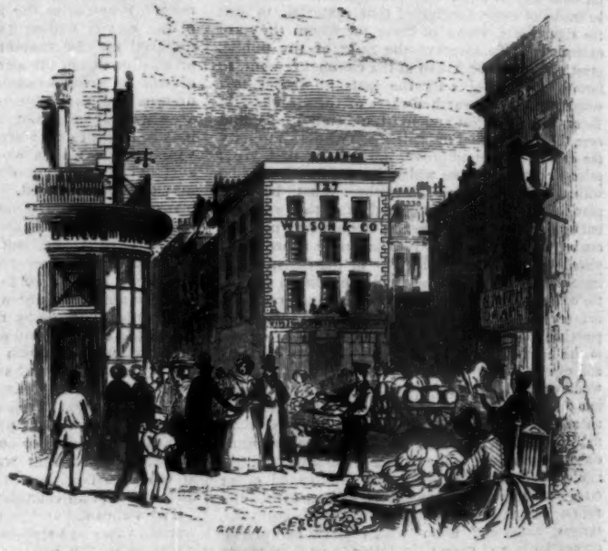
"Nothing baffles you," replied Sidney; but his voice was sad—"nothing! you look poverty in the face, and bid it welcome with a smile."

"And did it ever vanish at a frown? Is there not a scripture—I read it this very morning—which says—I forget the exact words, but their spirit ran, 'Shall we receive good from HIS hand, and shall we not receive evil also!' Hope is the birthright of immortality. Surely, even the murky world wherein we now exist was never made for misery; if we *think* it so, we *make* it so! the harder the struggle, the greater the given strength. One moment more—I will set our little supper ready against our return; the radishes look so bright in this glass of sparkling water; and you praised my choice of this cheese a week ago; now, Master Sidney, am I not worthy to be an artist's wife? does not that little round table, with its snow-white cloth, relieved by the green leaves and glowing red, make a charming foreground to that lovely picture on the easel, and the deep back-ground of two old chairs, and the worm-eaten cabinet—which Kitty would call a kitchen press?—the poor lay figure looks sulky in the corner, ever since I took its place; but it adds to the picturesque of our little scene; and so does your dusky painting-gown, and that maroon curtain—not to catalogue the odds and ends of armour, and much pictorial rubbish! Now, let us go, dearest, or Keeldar will begin to bay; he has been up and down stairs already, and may disturb that sick lady on the second floor below us, whom no one ever sees."

"I saw her once," replied Sidney—"I forgot to tell you; it was while you were repeating poetry—(for, as yet, your memory is our only book, save one)—when you sat to me yesterday. She came up the stairs, opened the sliding window just outside the door, and then half-entered, listening while you spoke, shaking her finger at me, to keep me silent."

"How strange!" said Eva, rejoicing within herself, as they descended the tedious stairs, that his mind was somewhat diverted from its melancholy.

Keeldar followed slowly behind Eva; touching her hand occasionally with his nose; the shops in Oxford-street were still open, and the white slaves of commerce toiled about the counters and beneath the hot gas lamps: twelve only of their sixteen hours of labour gone! The pavement was thronged by noisy stall-keepers, pressing their fruits and hot potatoes, and tins, and toys, wooden ware, and baskets, upon the passers by, who sought nothing but a path-way through the market; yet here the poor room keeper, or more prosperous tradesman's wife, was sure to find what *she* considered good and cheap; crushed and mangled lettuces, which had been so often 'damped down' that their very hearts were macerating—apples, spotted 'like the pard,' hand-polished oranges, and half-blind nuts; while more than half-dirty children, clinging to their mother's skirts, clamoured for striped sticks of fingered sweetmeats.



"Give me a penny to buy a bit of bread," exclaimed a fierce-looking man to the artist and his wife. The beggar was buttoned up close to the throat, and his eyes glared beneath his knitted brows—"Give me the penny," he repeated, "I am starving."

"Are you sure you want it for food?" inquired Sidney, as his fingers wandered amongst the few 'halfpence' that were in his pocket—hard to find! The man muttered no thanks, but pointing to where the spirit Pest-house displayed its coloured poisons through panes of costly glass, waved the coin in exultation as he dashed into the door, exclaiming, "Now I shall have gin!" A young fragile woman, lingering on the threshold, staggered to Eva, and gazing in her face, whispered—"You give to bold beggars like him, while you, lady, and such as you, shrink from such as I; and yet a kind word would have saved me once. God bless you!" she continued, following a little behind, and not heeding Keeldar's growl; "I think you would help me now, if you could—I am not drunk, nor am I starving; but I am heart-broken." Eva gave her the smallest of silver coins, and while she clung more closely to Sidney's protecting arm, she spoke a few words of mingled counsel and kindness, which left the unfortunate flooded in tears. "It's long since I heard such music as that voice," she muttered to herself, as they passed on, "and I'll keep this for a token; it may do me good."

"If our natures were such that we could distil happiness from the comparative misery of our fellow-creatures," said Sidney, as they enjoyed the twilight beneath the noble trees of Hyde-Park, "we ought to be happy, for we see many to whom our position would be positive prosperity; and yet we do not know all their trials."

"Nor their consolations," added Eva—"when we lost all, except poor Randy's treasure, and were shivering among the rocks of a stranger land, how deserted and desolate must we have appeared; and yet what a world of happiness existed within ourselves."

"That is quite true," replied Sidney; "we did enjoy a world of happiness; we were so full of hope; but ever since our arrival here, one disappointment has followed another; I do not know that circumstances are worse than before I went to Rome, but I had just cause to expect they would be better; and then I suffered alone and did not feel it so bitterly—my greatest trial, dearest, is knowing what you endure."

"You exaggerate that endurance; truly, I suffer nothing, except from the shadows of those clouds that pass at intervals over your spirit, and which time will soon dispel; you have lost your best friend by death, not desertion: and though one or two dealers have refused to purchase until what they have are sold, that will soon be, when the town fills."

"If I could stoop to manufacture old masters, or imitate the style of those who are popular, I should make, instead of want, money!"

"I would rather see you perish than paint a lie!" exclaimed Eva.

"Let us," she continued, after a pause, "now that we are refreshed by the cool air, and while the murmurs of the leaves whisper of Nature, sit here

and think of means to anticipate the future, and rob it of all bitterness; I could not prevail on our usual chapman to take those drawings on any terms."

"I did not like to ask you about them, though I have thought of little else," was Sidney's reply.

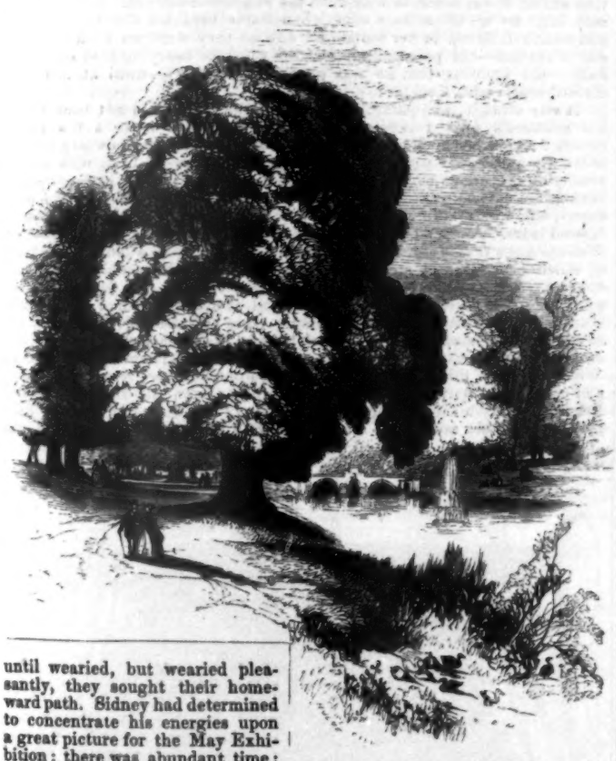
"To-morrow evening I will go where money may be raised upon them; indeed, Sidney, it is our only resource."

The young man turned his head away, for his cheek was crimson.

"Nay, my own love," she added, "it is an honest means: better than borrowing, even if we had friends to lend; I would have gone this evening, but—the streets were so light, that—I shame to say, I was ashamed."

Sidney said, in a voice suppressed by emotion, that when nothing else could be done he would so manage that she should not be subjected to such degradation.

They wandered about the noble 'garden' of Kensington, and stood upon the graceful bridge that spans the small lake which divides it from the Park,



until wearied, but wearied pleasantly, they sought their homeward path. Sidney had determined to concentrate his energies upon a great picture for the May Exhibition; there was abundant time; but, in addition to the want of means for the necessaries of life, his health had become unsettled; the earnestness and anxiousness of his mind engendered an irritability which, kept in check as it was by his loving and generous nature, found vent, not upon others, but himself. His spirits, when in health, were not buoyant; his feelings were more intense than those of Eva—more concentrated; and at times he reproached himself bitterly for marrying upon a prospect, not a reality; deeming he had committed a pardonless sin by bringing her into much sorrow. Her reflections were the very opposite, as though, mentally, she breathed another atmosphere; as if in the phantasmagoria of a morning dream, she saw the broad-bosomed lake, or heard the rush of the Torc waterfall, or smiled at Randy and his fairy lore; as if to sweet and solemn music, the picture of Mucross and its sainted grave arose before her; and the mountain breeze kissed the ringlets that played upon her cheek; while the Dovecote, with its flowers, and birds, and pretty spotted doe, and her old servant, appeared and disappeared; she awoke, day after day, to the confined air, and dim discoloured light, and narrow room, and the bewildering din of city life; yet she awoke with a bright smile of joy upon her lips, and tender words springing from her thoughts to cheer and cherish him she loved—loved better than lakes, or woods, or rank, or wealth, or even the beatings of her devoted heart! Her love was rich as inexhaustible—a love to be periled neither by poverty nor prosperity; if Sidney could have been happy in a desert, she could have been happy with him—he was her universe. Faith, which is the stronghold of hope, never forsook her, not even when she thought that Sidney grew thin and worn, and—worse than both—restless and uncommunicative. She spoke to him of this during their homeward walk, and chid so gently, that reproof struck upon his ear like praise; and he promised to amend, and cast his moodiness away; and his spirits were refreshed, simply by the communion of her gladsome nature. They agreed they would endure patiently, and labour together hopefully—she, with the ready thought and willing hands that work with circumstances, not against them—he, in his noble calling, promising her again and again, that never more would he lock up his feelings from her inspection. Nothing during their walk had changed their condition, and yet his sorrows were half gone; he sprang up the attic stairs, feeling a load removed from his crushed heart, simply by her words and sweet companionship. Silence is the canker of sorrow, and once the proscribed subject had been entered on, he wondered why he had not poured forth his thoughts long before; he could hardly account for his revived spirits. "After all," said Eva, when they had returned, "there *is* a magic in the *name* of home; if the room were half its size, I should cling to it as a sanctuary; it has a fine clear north light—the painter's delight."

"And see, Eva," added Sidney, while she sought the materials for striking a light; "there is a veritable moonbeam; it seems astray here, not knowing where to rest; and at this moment there is a fine effect of shadow."

"Yes," she answered, smiling, though in darkness; "cast by that tall chimney-pot; fancy it our dear old gable; and that cat, whose eyes are glittering upon us from those tiles, the ancient owl——— Down, Keeldar; did you never see a cat before, that you set your bristles at it."

The candle was lit, and its inmates formed a strange contrast to the odd, yet picturesque, appearance of the chamber; the light gave an unearthly, yet most angelic, effect to Eva's beauty. "I wish I could fasten that expression on your picture, dearest," he said, turning to the easel, where he had placed a small portrait he had taken a fancy to paint: the easel was there—the portrait gone! Sidney uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment: it had rested against the outline of his large picture. It was not even finished. They looked everywhere, removed the easel and the pictures, the chairs, the cabinet, all in vain: it was gone. Eva descended the creaking stairs, and asked the landlady if any one had called during their absence. "No! no one that she had seen." Perplexed and grieved, she returned, and fancied that as she passed the old lady's room, she heard the sound of light young laughter. They sat silently down to supper. Upon Sidney's plate was a purse. He raised it; it contained gold—not much—but more than he had looked upon for a long, long time.

"Is it true—is it real!" inquired Eva; there is no doubt it is intended as payment for the picture—much more than you would have considered its worth; is it not so?"

"It was not painted to sell," he answered, in a tone of mingled perplexity and disappointment; and again and again he looked at the gold suspiciously. The mystery connected with this incident prevented the money being as highly valued as it otherwise would have been, and caused them some anxious conjecture. The purse was evidently of foreign manufacture, but there was nothing about it that could lead to a discovery as to whence it came. The feeling of dislike which Sidney entertained toward using its contents passed away, and for a time he laboured at his great work, with a mind relieved from the immediate pressure of necessity.

Eva believed their destiny was guarded by some mysterious but powerful friend, who had taken the picture as an excuse for leaving gold; and she strongly suspected the old lady knew who the visitor was. As the winter advanced, Randy wrote her various accounts, by the hand of the schoolmaster, of the progress of everything in her old neighbourhood; and at the termination of each letter the schoolmaster apologised for the diction, saying, that Randy insisted on all things being written exactly as spoken by him. Among these came a fable. "I heard it," he wrote, "from the King of the Crickets, and he sitting beside the fire, at which I was looking, while the turf sparkled and blazed; and the great ould grey cricket, whose fine hearty 'chirrip' I'd know among a thousand, came out of his kingdom at the back of the hob, and riddled the story out of him. 'Send that,' he says, when he was straggling back again; 'send *that* little history to the darlint in London, who fed me and mine many a day: send her that,' says he, 'to rise her heart!' and these were his words. 'Some of the flowers of the trees thought they'd petition the snow not to fall upon them in winter, but come in the summer, when it would melt while falling. 'You keep us back,' said the flowers, 'wrapping the earth in your cold shroud: come in the summer, and you will then refresh, and not blight, us.' 'Foolish things!' answered a snow-flake that trembled like a feather on the impatient bud of a white thorn tree. 'It is I who protect you from the bitter cold of winter, and who give you strength to enjoy the beautiful summer: all things in season are best.' So when the weeks danced into the months, and the sun sent his heat into the flowers, and the shadows fainted upon the grass, the blossom of the whitethorn tree reproached a sunbeam that trembled on its leaves. 'Where were you in the keen cold weather, when you were wanted?' it questioned; 'Where?' 'What matters that to you,' answered the sunbeam; 'if I told you where I was you would be none the wiser. I am here now. Was not the tree you grow out of once a small seed; and has it not increased and prospered, been heated and cooled by the power which sends me, in due season, a messenger of heat and brightness into your very heart? The snow told me of your murmurings last winter, and now I shall have to tell the snow of your murmurings this summer: a pretty world we should have of it if every flower chose its own season?' 'I shall drop before my time,' sighed the blossom. 'That is impossible,' answered the sunbeam; 'poor silly thing! can't you understand that the snow and I could not meet together. I should destroy its usefulness, and it would destroy mine; each in its turn; and that's the way of Nature!—each in its turn, and all for good!'"

"Each in its turn," repeated Eva in her own mind: "each in its turn—joy and sorrow—and sorrow and joy; I had a vision of them once, chasing each other round the globe, as it turned, while the stars twinkled in the firmament; first the one and then the other paused for a moment before me, and methought the tears of sorrow expanded my heart more than the smiles of joy. Beautiful both—and wisdom-giving! The cricket sung a true song: each in its season—and all for good!"

Well and earnestly did Sidney labour; and some of the very happiest hours of Eva's life were spent in watching how his mind enriched the canvas—calling into existence the noblest forms, and adding to their development, by each touch of his magic pencil, some new beauty or stronger character. It was wonderful how every creature in that house of many inhabitants loved her: the lame child of the widow, to whom it belonged, would climb up the stairs, and, knocking against the door with its lean fingers, entreat to be allowed to do something for her. Careful she was, even of a flower, tending

the fading plants of her poor landlady so diligently, that the old leaves regained their colour, and the young ones sprouted forth all fresh and green beneath her charge. The lark, whose dingy cage had cracked beneath the sun, renewed its life under the shadow of the leaves she spread around it: and enjoying, poor thing! the freshness of the sod her charity bestowed, sung until tears quivered upon Eva's cheek. She sought out misery, and prayed within walls that had never before heard the voice of prayer! Her step was the music of many a sick-room; and never was her birth-gift more palpable than during this time of bitter trial. She was still 'loving and being beloved.' Sometimes (but that must have been pure imagination) she heard the murmur of bees, and scented the perfume of flowers, as if borne by a passing breeze across her brow; and in her absence small household duties would be performed, as if by invisible hands; and, in winter when flowers become the luxuries of the wealthy, who would hardly notice them in the time of their abundance, she would find some beside her work; and Sidney often perceived his palette set and his brushes washed when Eva declared she had neither touched the one nor the other. How did these things come about? Perhaps Randy could have told.

But Eva had stern realities to deal with. Like all persons of great talent, Sidney was discontented with his own labours. He had 'looked' at the old mighty ones—not to imitate, but to *emulate*, and it might be, that their strength was beyond his grasp, though not beyond his aim. This frequently dispirited the artist; and so intent was he on bringing up his picture to the ideal of his conception that he would destroy the labour of a week, if any new thought—or a thought fresh set—suggested a better working out of his subject. As the spring advanced, Sidney became more abstracted—more nervous, lest his great labour should not be completed in time. He ceased to concern himself about the necessaries of life, and then Eva rejoiced at being able to labour unobserved. She gloried in the great privilege of shielding him she loved from petty anxieties—the frets of life. She endured all things patiently, save the terror which arose from an idea that his mind was at times confused—overwrought, overburdened; he could not endure noise; the very gentlest tap of the lame boy's finger at the door would make him start and render his hand unsteady. As THE TIME approached when, finished or unfinished, his picture must claim admission, he could neither sleep nor eat. In the dead hour of night she would awake, and hear him pacing in the darkness, or see him through the gloom, leaning his head, at intervals, upon the frosted glass of the window to cool its burning. It was at these times—in these dark-thinking hours—that Sidney struggled bravely—as great men do, not only with the hard and knotted world, but with themselves—against apprehensions, which Eva never felt: but for her, the picture he laboured at would never have left the easel: he thought it unworthy of his better genius: he had neither space nor light for his great conception; commencing his figures on so large a scale, he had worked upon too small a canvas: the praise Eva bestowed upon it, at times sounded like reproach, while at others it reconciled him to all contingences. *She* looked upon his talent as certain of triumph; and she, secure in *that*, was able to combat what, after all was achieved, would serve but as shadows to the great brightness of the future. He knew that such were her thoughts, and, despite his promise, he loved her too tenderly to tell her how much he mistrusted the fruits of his labour—how he believed they must fail to produce aught but disappointment. He looked through the darkness, and could discover no hope to replace the one he ought to take from her. There was high heroism in this silent suffering: and, truly, the spirit of a hero, in this our age of facts, finds refuge only in poet or painter; it has no other dwelling-place. Sidney's imagination was vivid as fire in a dark night, and yet he sought to crush it in a mould—to compress a volume into a page! He curled his lip in bitter disdain at the anxiety that was eating into his heart. Although, at times, he had worked doubtingly, yet the intensity of his labours had been as though the colours on his palette were mingled with his life blood; and while he moved noiselessly in the darkness, fearing to awake her who watched his motions through the dim, dim, mysterious twilight of the little chamber, filling the atmosphere with the most earnest prayer-breathings that ever passed from the depths of woman's love, to the throne of HIM who *hears* unspoken emotions, as though a trumpet told them to the heavens, the devotional feeling, inseparable from truly great minds, by degrees softened and soothed his disturbed nature, until unconsciously they prayed together—each for the other—in silence and in darkness; and Eva would hear him listening lest she were disturbed by those half-breathed prayers. A little longer, and their necessities had grown so urgent that every trinket—every small luxury—had disappeared; but Eva did not murmur, for Sidney never missed them. Sometimes he would talk wildly about his hopes; at others, sink down beside his easel in a sleep so unrefreshing and disturbed that his wife would abridge it. The picture was his great stimulus, and he revived to fresh exertion. At length it was sent to the Academy—not finished as he intended it should have been, for painting in and painting out retarded his great purpose. But Eva thought, notwithstanding, that it would attract the world. Poverty in England was then denied all access to high works of art; but she would look at the pictures in the shop-windows, and return with increased faith in the greatness of her husband's conceptions. A long period of uncertainty and suspense elapses between the reception of the works at the Academy and their exhibition, during which the artists have no means of knowing their fate—whether they will be received or rejected it is not in their power to ascertain. The sufferings of the artist at this period can better be imagined than described. His struggle was faithful and unconquerable; he had resolved what to do if this effort failed, and if his health were not shattered in the contest; a fear, too, would sometimes come with others that trooped through the throbbings of his brain—a fear that his thoughts too often did battle with circumstances rather than with himself; for he was a just man—just and true, or Eva could not have loved him. When we consider these things, and how his frame was worn by sickness, there was a noble greatness in his silence. Things of love and tenderness grow tenfold in the imagination, and so do things of terror. Sidney would have given much to recall the picture to satisfy himself upon particular points, but it was gone! and its faults, its want of finish, assumed a monstrous and malignant vitality, and mocked him; he could tell Eva that even if it were admitted, it might be so hung as to destroy its effects, and so form a target for shallow-brained and heartless critics to fly their shafts at; but she, so high-souled and simple—judging from her own pure and generous nature, of the nature of others, told him he was all wrong; that critics were generous souls, appointed to show the world true excellence.

The days had length, the light came early, and continued late within their chamber: Keeldar had learned to remain outstretched and silent upon the floor, rising only to follow his mistress; Sidney tried to paint—he used every effort his wasted body and shattered mind could devise to avoid sinking; but the power of action was netted in by poverty; Eva's cheerfulness came with an effort and departed in tears; they had not even told the old officer of their whereabouts; at first they waited for better times, and then, when the times grew worse and worse, they were ashamed to let him know of the blight that withers up existence; even at the last they agreed it was better to wait until the exhibition opened. Sidney would care little for his threadbare coat, when Fame heralded him to the world, and wealth followed in her footsteps; and so they went on from one long day to another—the poor painter and his wife: he fancying that she paled daily; she knowing that he was gradually wasting—until at last they divided crusts with Keeldar!

It was strange, and painful as strange, that she could not bear to see her husband's eyes turned upon her. He would make a few rough sketches—then muse—those long, long, wordless musings, in which neither heart nor mind take part—his eyes fixed upon her—silently, with an intensity of expression which deepened them beyond all power of description, taking no note of aught, nor replying to her words, until driven to agony, she would arouse him by an effort that ended in the mingling of mutual tears. Anything could she endure, but those hours of silent gazing. Well she knew that his noble spirit was racked by a combination of sufferings, of which he could not trust himself to speak, lest he should add to her distress. She saw him become hourly worse; the day had long advanced upon a night of increased, but awfully silent, restlessness—more distressing than the most continuous complaining. Once only he suddenly folded her in his arms, exclaiming, "Eva, Eva! what is to become of you!" She soothed him with the gentlest words and holiest hopes; and at last he slept. When assured of this, she propped up a box upon their two remaining chairs, and commenced writing to one whose sympathy with suffering was known to her. A terrible feeling urged her to this. *If her husband died from false pride, should she not be his murderer?* She wrote on rapidly, until the

last, and then she questioned how she could sign their name—*his* name to such a document. *His name*, which in less than two short weeks (so ran her thoughts) would be blazoned to the world as that of the 'Great Artist.' She paused—would not a feigned name answer? "I cannot write a lie nor shame his name," she murmured. She gazed hopelessly round the room—she knew there was nothing disposable within the box, yet she raised its cover; it fell from her fingers—the hollow sound told of its

emptiness, and with a shudder she looked towards the mattrass on which Sidney lay, fearing he had awoke—not so; he slept soundly. She pressed her head within her hands, tightly—and sinking gradually on her knees, her long hair covering her, as with a shroud, she prayed, though no sound escaped from her heaving bosom, no sighs accompanied her abundant tears; —she prayed the strengthening and refreshing prayer of an earnest and pure heart; then rising, she tore the note into the smallest fragments, which fell like snow upon the dark boards. Again she wrote—necessity conquering pride, but not stooping to beggary. It was to the old officer—a little—a very little she required for the present, just to give them food, and procure him medical advice—that was all. The first day's exhibition over, and immortality was sure to follow. This was finished, and she thought she would take it to the post and return before Sidney awoke. As she descended—outside the old woman's door a glittering guinea, dropped on the stairs, arrested her attention. Never before had gold shone so brightly in her eyes; never before had such a grim host of skeletons floated around her; never before had such whisperings—tales of those who had died of hunger—not in the wilderness, but amid the busy traffic of the city's life—suggested the duties owed by self to self, to her throbbing ears. She pushed the coin away with her foot; it rang out—what awful music to the famishing is the sound of gold! She picked it up, it felt like molten lead. What was it that quivered in her bosom—that made her shut her hand close, close upon it, when the lame child's footstep sounded in the passage, three stories down? She knocked at the old woman's door, it was instantly opened; there was a brightness about the beldam's face, almost unnatural; her eyes shone like stars beneath her wrinkled brows. "Is this yours?" inquired Eva. The old creature pointed, with averted face and quivering finger, to a table on which there were several of the same glowing coin. Eva laid it down mechanically, and turned away with a relieved heart, and yet hungry and penniless. That had been a heavy day! Keeldar—the noble brute—disdained to ask for food, but laid apart, rugged and scraggy, with half-shut eyes. As the evening advanced, Sidney became much worse. Passing down the stairs, Eva asked the old woman to watch for a little by his side. She walked rapidly from street to street, until she arrived at the door of a well-known physician. She knocked—he was not at home. She said she must see him, and would wait. The servant showed her in as if she were a duchess, and a lovely child, who had seen her cross the hall, immediately entered, creepingly, and, climbing upon her lap, insisted on sharing its cake with its new friend. The physician soon followed—a man of few words and grave; and when the door was closed—"Sir," said Eva, "I am come to ask you to visit my husband, who is, I fear, very ill,—but stay, sir; we are too poor to pay you now; will you trust a stranger's honesty to do so hereafter?"

The good man rang the bell, ordered back the carriage he had just quitted, and drove her home.

The old woman was faithful to her trust; more than faithful, for a most judicious supply of refreshment was on the table. Eva turned to thank her; she had disappeared.

The physician said but little—"Quiet of mind and body, perfect repose—nothing to agitate or disturb."

"You hear, dearest," whispered Eva, as she bent over his pillow.

"I will try," he replied; and the tone of his voice was greatly calmed. He looked into her eyes with his old look of tranquil love.

"He is already better," she murmured.

"I will come again to-morrow," said the doctor; "and you must not be too proud to borrow more than advice from your physician." He inquired his patient's name?

"Sidney Herbert."

"Herbert!" repeated the good doctor. "Herbert! the Herberts are curious in christian names. I wrote a prescription for one poor fellow to-day —a hopeless case. How unequally the world's goods are divided!"

Eva was, indeed, the physician's debtor for more than advice; and though for some time a low wasting fever had the ascendancy over Sidney, yet his energies revived. While the last days of the month of April were passing, his physician encouraged his artistic hopes, and his old military friend, who came to him with as much joy as if he had been the denizen of a palace, was ready to vouch, though he had not seen it, that Sidney's was the finest picture ever painted in England. The pressure of immediate want removed, each day improved his health. Keeldar's appearance improved also; and he never failed to receive the physician with an air of polite gravity, a very slight movement of his tail duly indicating his satisfaction. "I will not come," said the good doctor to Eva, "if you so overwhelm me with thanks. I have looked too closely into life not to distinguish truth and virtue—ay, at first sight. I have perfect faith in the existence of both. Large faith in human virtue is great happiness; and you have increased my faith a hundred-fold. It is I who am your debtor."

Eva's hopes were, as usual, sanguine. She was happy in Sidney's improving health, happy in the bright benevolence of her new friend—more than happy in the prospect of the 'golden fleece' which should be acquired to manifest gratitude. The day of the private view had arrived; Sidney's strength was to be husbanded for the first hour of the public exhibition; such, however, was Eva's anxiety to witness the entrance of the company who were to see the produce of her husband's genius, that she braved the crowd alone, and returned overflowing with joy and hope. The weather was fine, the people looked pleased; some one said that royalty (and when was royal judgment ever doubted), had declared there never had been such an exhibition. That evening, she sat at her husband's feet, and rested her head on his lap, while they told—the one the other—how they would apportion the wealth the sale of the picture would certainly realize.

"Did any one ever see a lady so beautiful as our lady, mother?" inquired the lame boy, as he gazed after Eva the next morning. Sidney fancied she was leaning on his arm, but truly she managed to support him, as pale, and bent, and feeble, he, notwithstanding, walked rapidly on.

"He has been asking what o'clock it was ever since seven this morning," continued the boy; "I daresay they will come back in a carriage! I should like to paint great pictures, but not to fret to death about them. And, mother, is not the morning bright on purpose?

Eva and Sidney walked rapidly along Oxford Street, but were obliged to pause at the crossing to let a pompous funeral go past. It moved slowly;

the hearse heavy with plumes; the mourners in trappings of the deepest woe—all, except their features! they expressed no sadness! the eloquence of death made no impression on them; they kept time to the horses' tread, and that was all. Some private, and several mourning, carriages followed.

"We shall not be among the first," exclaimed the impatient Sidney; they crossed; another mourning carriage was passing; they were recognised by one of its inmates—it was the physician; he thrust his arm out of the window. "God bless you," he said, and every feature of his kind face was lit up with pleasure; "I give you joy, with all my heart."

"I daresay," whispered Eva to her husband—"I daresay he has heard the picture is well hung."

"You speak, dearest, as if you were certain it was admitted."

A light, light laugh, such a one as had often echoed through the Dovecote, followed this observation. On they went.

"You are looking pale, dearest," said Eva; "shall we call a coach."

"You require it more than I do, my own kind love;" he answered; "but I fear we cannot spare so much."

"I have three shillings."

"The admission two, and the catalogue one."

"But you will get in free—have your card for the season, Sidney."

He beckoned to a passing carriage, and the manner in which he threw his wearied frame upon the cushions proved how much he needed rest.

They alighted in the Strand; crowds of persons were hurrying forward; the joy-bells of the churches were ringing merrily; every one seemed to them in holiday dress. Together they passed beneath the portal of the once palace of the proud Somerset; pausing for a moment and looking at each other. Eva fancied Sidney became paler than usual; but she could not be certain; her head swam round, and motes—strange tiny forms—floated between her and him. She could not have defined her feelings; they were already of mingled hope and despair. She saw clearly enough that the 'elect' walked confidently in, knowing they were 'well hung'—they had touched upon their pictures, a grace only accorded to those whose station and knowledge in art ought not to require such a privilege. She rejoiced in the happiness of others; but she wished that Sidney had the same certainty! she pressed his arm more closely to her side; he did not tremble, but she felt that he breathed earnestly, as if nerved for trial, and she dared not look at him again. Numbers who pressed forward were haggard and care-worn; brows of noble mould, wrinkled by anxiety, not age, contracted over eyes filled with fire—blazing it out in discontent; some, again, with compressed mouth, so rarely defeated—men who shape their own fortunes; others whose frank features were changed into recklessness by disappointment; numbers, bitter thinkers, who mistook a desire to paint for the power to do so; all these mingled with the visitors, some loving art for its holy self, others for its fashion, others again, because the exhibition passed away time—that great material of the skilful workman!

Sidney asked for a catalogue; the good-natured porter (one who was a truer friend and worthier patron of artists than many a high-born lord) expressed his regret that all he had were sold; he would have a fresh supply in a few minutes. Eva suggested they should not wait—they would be sure to see it. They ascended the steep stairs, Sidney paler than ever, and suffering much fatigue from the ascent. Some whom he had known met him; but so changed did he seem to them that they did not speak, wondering if it really was Sidney, and where he had found that lovely wife, who seemed unconscious of the admiration she excited.

At any other moment Sidney and Eva would have hung over the beauties that were illumined by the matchless pencil of Lawrence; they would have appreciated the creations of Wilkie; the magnificence—Nature's true magnificence—of Turner; but, to Eva, all appeared a mass of gilding and colour, with no more distinctness than a child's hand gives to the transient forms of the kaleidoscope—the one picture was stamped upon her mind: it was not there!

None could picture her feelings—more vivid, but hardly as intense as those of her husband: his bitter disappointment burned into her brain; the insult offered, as she at that moment believed—premeditatedly—roused her indignation. She then remembered the promises she had made to those who had entreated for the little she owed them—they struck upon her heart with the dull monotonous clamour of a funeral bell. Sidney, in whose name she had promised, would be considered an untrue man! Could he survive such an imputation! Sidney! Sidney to be deemed faithless to his word. She felt that her powers of sustaining such a trial were passing away. In a whirlwind of conflicting emotions, she talked, hardly knowing what she said. She sprang up the next flight of stairs after her husband; but, eager as she was, she could not equal the rapidity of his movements. "You see, you see; it is not here—nor here!" he repeated. Then in a hoarse voice he added, "let us go down for a catalogue." Eva followed him breathlessly, but she felt as if her heart was breaking. When they were opposite the principal rooms he paused, drew her hand beneath his arm, and bending down, whispered, "Do not sink now, my own heroic wife; you have sustained me through much worse than this—when all earthly friendship was far from us: it is not so now. I am, you see, calm—calm! there may be some mistake,—bear up, Eva. He who gave me such a treasure, will give me strength to keep it!—bear up, my darling—you always hoped more from this picture than I did!—bear up!"

Gaining strength from his, Eva muffled her face in her veil, and, clinging to his arm, they descended.

"A shilling," said the porter, as he handed the catalogue.

Sidney could not say he had it not; but he turned away.

"Pay me next time," added the man—a man whose generous heart was in his kindly countenance. How their fingers trembled among the leaves, as a bird rustles amid the foliage that surrounds its rifled nest.

"H—H—H—No Sidney Herbert!"

"Sad want of room, sir; some of the very finest pictures rejected for want of room. A fine exhibition could be made of the rejected pictures," explained the kind porter, who comprehended the scene at once.

Sidney returned the catalogue.

"The gentleman looks tired," persisted the man; "better go and sit down in the sculpture-room."

Neither replied; but Eva's look thanked him.

"There it is again," he muttered, looking after them. "I often wonder how I have stood it so long—poor things."

"You hear, Sidney; some of the finest pictures have been rejected for want of room," said Eva.

Oh, what agony was in the answering smile; what power—what eloquence—what anguish! too earnest, too intense for words. Heart understood heart. Never—never—never! in their long course of love, had each loved the other with such entireness of devotion as at that moment.

"My Eva," he said. She felt him tremble; she hurried him to the open door. There, rushing forward, came the physician. Although the mourning crape floated from his hat, his face was charged with tidings of great good. He was too full of it to impute *their* changed looks to more than ordinary fatigue. "I am delighted to have found you," he exclaimed; "such true homage as you have received!" Before the sentence was concluded Sidney fell on his shoulder—to all appearance lifeless.

"I knew it would kill him," said Eva, as she wildly flung herself beside her husband. "And you knew it also, doctor; you have met him dressed for the funeral—dressed for the funeral," she repeated, utterly unconscious of her words and actions, or of the people who gathered round her.

"It has struck her more deeply than it has him," said the kind man; "and that at such a time!"

There was solemn music that night in the woods of Ard-Flesk; sometimes a hollow rushing sound would pass above and around the castle; the mightiest trees of the forest bowed to it, and the young saplings trembled; but the sky was clear, and the stars were bright—the meekest daisy could look up to them without closing a petal—there was something so sweet and full of charity in their gentle aspect. Sometimes, the music assumed a tone of tender melody, trembling amid the leaves, and issuing from the flowers; but never once was there a strain that could be called mirthful; the waters of the beautiful river Flesk were troubled, but not disturbed, and moaning sounds arose therefrom, as though they repeated, "She was ours—she was ours—." If there had been any to look into the deeps of the rapid river, they might have seen creatures shrouded in the long green weeds that tangle the limbs of the drowning, and net them to their fate! In what was called 'my lady's flower-garden,' beneath the great drawing-room of Ard-Flesk, and the window where, together, Eva and her mother once stood during Cormac's illness, there is a lawn of exceeding beauty and verdure; and reposing as it does in a valley, old Doctor Magrath (who was accounted a philosopher as well as a physician) had said the lights that danced on it were phosphoric—how Randy tossed his arms and laughed aloud at his wisdom! Randy knew that on that same night the fairy courts held solemn meeting on the very spot. They were there now—when the fair valley, as well as the crowded city, were shrouded in darkness—all were there—all, but Queen Nightstar—the light the purity, the chief grace of the Fairy courts was wanting. Honeybell, as usual, pouted, and declared that two kingdoms were more than she could manage; that she would rejoice when Nightstar's caprice for mortal life was ended. "She had reasons," she added, with the increased dignity of mystery, "to declare it might be possible for the Queen of Air to appear before them that very night." At that moment, the hollow rushing sound increased; as it approached, it changed into a universal wail. Sighs seemed heaved from the very bowels of the earth; the old halls sent forth groans piteous to hear; the affrighted spirits of the woods and flowers sought refuge amid the leaves and blossoms of the earth—as the Banshee floated onwards to

Mucross! How the deep mysterious spirit lingered about the Old Abbey—how its transparent outline mingled with the shadows of the material world! the owl ceased to hoot, and the bat to flap its heavy path through the murky air; the beetle folded his armour over his filmy wings, and the death's-head moth trembled on the broad-leaved ivy. What had called her forth, and why did she circle round one particular spot? Why, descending slowly upon earth, did she clap her hands at intervals, and, though she cried not loudly, sob and moan that one so young should mate with the red earth worm, and be closed up—until THE APPOINTED TIME should come—in the damp and lonely grave!

Those who watched her—if there were any brave enough to do so—might have seen the awful shadow pausing, for a brief moment, upon one of the two mounds—of earth and stone—raised above the other graves in gloomy Mucross!

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM SIMSON, R.S.A.

We have to record the death of this meritorious painter, whose demise took place at his residence in Sloane-street, Chelsea, on the 29th of August.

Prior to the year 1838, Mr. Simson's name was unknown to the visitors of our metropolitan exhibitions; but long before that period he had acquired honourable distinction in his native country, Scotland. He was born at Dundee in 1800, and was educated at the Trustees' Academy, in Edinburgh, a school which has enrolled among its pupils the names of Wilkie, Allan, and John Burnet. For the first ten years of his professional career his works consisted principally of small coast scenes, sketched on the sands of Leith and the shores of Fife; but, although he found a ready market for these productions, they were not of a class sufficiently elevated to satisfy the mind of one capable of greater efforts. Accordingly, in 1829 we find him painting a picture entitled 'The Twelfth of August,' and in the following year 'The Highland Deer-Stalkers' and 'Sportsmen Regaling.'

Mr. Simson's pencil was now engaged for three or four years in portrait-painting, which he practised so successfully as to realise sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, where he passed three years. On his return in 1838, he settled in London, and there exhibited, at the opening of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar-square, the first-fruits of the experience he had acquired by his travelling, viz., 'A Camaldolese Monk showing the Relics of his Convent' (the first engraving issued by the Art-Union of London), and 'Cimabue and Giotto;' the latter work was bought by Sir R. Peel for 150 guineas. In the following year he painted for the British Institution 'A Dutch Family,' a picture of which we wrote at the time as among the best in the exhibition, and one that promised much for the future; it is now in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Of the three works exhibited at the Royal Academy during the same year (1839), his 'Columbus asking Bread and Water for his Child at the Door of the Convent of Santa Maria du Rabida' has the preference; it was sold to Sir Willoughby Gordon for 200 guineas. His productions of the year 1840, both at the Academy and the Institution, call for little notice: they were scarcely of sufficient importance to increase or even uphold the well-earned fame of the artist; though one of them, 'Gil Blas introducing himself to Laura,' found its way into the collection of Mr. Sheepshanks. In 1841, Mr. Simson sent to the British Institution 'The Temptation of St. Anthony'—an old subject, but in this instance cleverly and delicately treated—and 'The Château of Rubens,' painted with considerable skill and power; also to the Royal Academy, 'Mary Queen of Scots and her Retinue returning from the Chase to the Castle of Stirling,' and an admirable portrait of Mr. Burnet, the engraver. In the catalogue of the British Institution for the succeeding year we find him exhibiting 'The Murder of the Two Princes in the Tower,' which we remember as a beautifully-painted picture, but showing little originality of treatment; and in that of the same period at the Academy, 'Hagar and Ishmael,' and 'Alfred dividing his last Loaf with the Pilgrim'—the last a work of very considerable power. This artist's pencil in the year 1843 gave us little worthy of comment; it appears to have slumbered, or at least to have made no advance; but his 'Group of Baronial Retainers,' and his 'Salvator Rosa's first Cartoon on the Walls of the Certosa,' painted in 1844, were productions calculated in all respects to extend the reputation of their author.

Mr. Simson's later works were of such a nature as to leave no lasting impression of their merits on the mind, nor did they add to his reputation; the principal were 'The Arrest of William Tell,' a composition containing numerous figures, and a 'Highland Home,' a large picture, but inferior to many of the artist's other productions. Wilkie formed a high estimate of Mr. Simson's powers, and prophesied great results from their full development. The distinguishing characteristic of his works consists in their admirable colour; but they lost much of their force by too high finish. Many of his portraits are amongst the best of their class. In private life he was a most amiable gentleman—highly esteemed and respected.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

IRELAND.

The National Art-Union for Ireland.—The Report of this Society has been published: it professes to exhibit a gratifying result; and, in some respects, it does so—the object being the promotion of Art in Ireland, and for the exclusive benefit of the Irish. A print, it appears, has been engraved, printed, and issued by "a native house"—that is to say, by a printseller who is Irish and has a "house" in Dublin. Whether the printer is, or is not, Irish we cannot say; but the engraver is a Scottish artist, who had been induced "to keep the word of promise to the ear"—to spend some months of his time in Ireland; and so, it is said, the engraving is "a native work." This is silly enough: the principle is opposed to the free-trade spirit of the age; and is especially bad, in reference to Art, which should be, in the widest sense, Catholic.

If the Irish can better relish inferior things that are Irish, than superior things that are English, we shall have much to fear for their advancement. As a mere *ruse*, the bait may take; but as a serious project for increasing artistic knowledge in that country, it is preposterous and absurd. Indeed, as if with a view to render it obviously ridiculous, the Council announce their next plate as engraved in London, but—*electrotyped* in Dublin! It is, by the way, an old plate—'Sancho and the Duchess,' after Leslie; consequently, in no degree "native," except for the electrotype—which is to be produced in the Phœnix-park. The plate for the year 1846 is, it appears, the work of Mr. Brocas, entitled 'Sunday Morning,' engraved by Mr. R. C. Bell, an engraver of considerable ability. If he has had a good original we have no doubt he has produced a good work; but, not having seen, we cannot report upon, it. We hope the "Irish printing" by "the native house" will be also excellent; but it appears that, though the "house" is Irish, the printer is English—the house having "contracted a two years' engagement with a first-class London printer." This is certainly a very Irish way of doing things Irish; we venture a wager also that the paper is made in England, and the ink made in England, as the "presses" confessedly are. The Society expended last year £452 in the purchase of pictures—the total receipts being £1312. 5*s*. (singularly out of proportion with the sum spent in pictures), the total number of members being 3677: for be it remembered the subscription is so low as 5*s*. Among the prizes for the year 1847 are sundry framed prints—a novelty, and a judicious one. That the Society is doing good in Ireland, we cannot doubt; that its Committee is active, energetic, and influenced by the best motives, we cannot question: we heartily hope it may succeed in its object—to make painting, engraving, and printing as good in Ireland as they are in England; we hope Ireland will not always have to endure the reproach it received from the Painter Barry:—"Ireland gave me breath, but never would have given me bread;" and that its men of genius and talent will find remunerative employment at home *as well as* abroad. We say "as well as abroad" because we trust we shall never see the gates to distinction in England closed against those who are born in a part of the kingdom which a sea instead of a river separates from England. We believe that, ere many years have passed, the Irishman will be no more distinguished from the Englishman than Cornishmen now are from the men of Kent. To bring about so desirable a consummation is, we humbly think, more the duty of a Committee superintending Art than to perpetuate vain, if not mischievous, distinctions concerning printing in Ireland and engraving there. If Scotland has furnished an engraver, and England a printer to the National Art-Union, England acknowledges with gratitude to have received in return such "glories" as MacMulready and Maclise in painting, and MacDowell and Foley in sculpture. For all good and great purposes Ireland is part of England, and England is part of Ireland. If such has not always been the case—if, indeed, it be not, even yet, entirely so—at least, the whole spirit of legislation and the determined resolve of the Nation make it sure that, at no distant period, the countries shall be emphatically ONE!

Sheffield.—The Government School of Design.—The annual meeting of this Institution was held early in last month, and attracted a very numerous attendance of its friends. Lord Morpeth presided on the occasion, assisted by the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and several members of Parliament. The Report of the Secretary was of a highly satisfactory nature: it states that, out of 180 pupils attending the Schools, 136 are actually engaged in the staple manufactures of the town. These are classified according to their occupations, of which the larger portion are—

Cabinet-makers, joiners, and builders ..	10
Chasers and etchers	22
Die-sinkers	21
Engineers and millwrights	7
Engravers on copper and wood	14
Modellers and designers	8
Silversmiths and silver-platers	9
White-metal smiths	7
	98

The remainder consists of those whose occupations appear to have little in connexion with Art, and principally of boys at school, the majority of whom are destined for some branch of the Sheffield trade.

The prizes awarded to the successful competitors were—two for modelling, two for shading from the cast, two for shading from the flat; and in the elementary classes, four for ornament in outline, four for figure in outline, and two for the geometrical class. The Report likewise notices a donation from Government of 200 volumes of books, chiefly on Art; and also the increase of the annual Government grant from £150 to £200.

On considering the subjects for which prizes are offered, we feel no little surprise at the omission of one or more for DESIGN, to encourage which is, or ought to be, the main object of the Institution, as its name signifies. It is in this most important branch of manufacturing Art that our inferiority to our continental rivals is most apparent, and consequently it is design which should form the staple commodity of our Schools; and every inducement ought to be held out to those who frequent them, to cultivate its acquirement. "To teach men their trades," says the Report, "is not the object of these Institutions." Certainly not; nor is it necessary to instruct the pupils in the special application of design to individual branches of Art and Manufacture; but it is essential, to constitute a really efficient workman, that he should not only be capable of executing the designs of others, but that he should also be taught to exercise his own inventive faculties, and become himself an *originator*. Were this the case, the Committee would have to congratulate themselves not only "that in several instances manufacturers have applied for students to execute *their* designs"—too often reflecting little of taste and judgment—but they would have the satisfaction of knowing that, while they were supplying clever workmen, they were at the same time creating ingenious artists. That the noble Chairman of the meeting entertains the same opinion is evident from a sentence in his address:—"If the town and trade of Sheffield mean to maintain their character, and to preserve their place in the markets of the world, they must study *variety*, *elegance*, and *beauty of form*, as well as excellence of material, solidity of make, or dexterity of manufacture. Now, I hope that among the more extensive and opulent manufacturers of this town, there are none who would be disposed to argue, in what would seem to me a very short-sighted spirit, that they are able, by the extent of their resources and capital, to engage in their own service competent and skilful designers, which gives them an advantage over their competitors, and consequently a comparative monopoly of the market: for let them rest assured that even the very humblest of their workmen—the men comprised among the class which I am glad to find furnishes so many pupils to this Institution—when he shall be instructed in the knowledge of drawing and in the perception of form; when he shall have acquired accuracy of outline and correctness of taste and judgment, will be able to give to the whole production grace and attractiveness which it could not otherwise have acquired."

We cannot do better than quote another portion of Lord Morpeth's eloquent address, the whole

of which was marked by apposite and judicious observation:—

"We are happy to see an increasing love of Art among the people, but it is not the object of Schools of Design to make all the lovers of Art artists. This is not the scope and aim of such Institutions. We admire the painting of portraits from the hand of a Titian; we admire the painting of landscapes when in the hands of such an artist as Claude; but we do not on that account wish all the pupils of Schools of Design to occupy their time in painting cauliflower-looking trees, or the chubby and unmeaning faces of all their relatives. Our object is to make skilful designers, and not to turn out so many finished, ready-made Raffaelles and Correggios; though, at the same time, if these Raffaelles and Correggios do exist, I think it no mean advantage that such Institutions give them an opportunity of developing their hidden faculties, and to expand them into the genial light of public recognition and patronage."

This, we repeat, should be the aim of Schools of Design: to make "skilful designers." With all the means and appliances at our command for unlimited production, with a manufacturing population full of enterprise, and energy, and intelligence, and persevering industry, there is wanting only this single item in the catalogue of "cunning workmanship" to secure to our artisans a monopoly of the trade of the whole civilized world.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.—The annual exhibition of the works of modern artists at this Institution was opened during the past month. The Liverpool Academy takes a high rank among our provincial Schools of Art, and is deservedly supported by the *elité* of the profession, who are encouraged to send many of their best works for exhibition, by the offer of a prize annually awarded to the artist whose picture may be deemed the most meritorious. This year, we understand, it has fallen to the lot of E. M. Ward, A.R.A., for his 'Scene in Change-alley,' one of the most esteemed works in our Royal Academy Exhibition just closed. Liverpool may likewise be looked upon as a *safe and sure market* for artistic productions, inasmuch as the merchants of this vast emporium of commerce spend their money liberally in the purchase of objects of elegance and refinement, and show much taste and discrimination in their selections. Among the principal contributors to the present exhibition we may mention the names of Maclise, R.A., Cooper, R.A., Creswick, A.R.A., Roberts, R.A., Elmore, A.R.A., Patten, A.R.A., Ward, A.R.A., Egg, Bright, Branwhite, Fraser, Ansdell, Pym, Boddington, Shayer, Dukes, Allen, Dighton, Harvey, R.S.A., Drummond, Johnston, Westcott, Lance, West, Falkner, Rankley, Havill, Rothwell, Rippingille, Henshaw, Anthony, Goodall, Duncan, Jutsum, Corbould, Welmert, Fripp, Fielding, Cooke, Deane, Cobbett, &c. &c. It is a matter of regret that the rooms of the Society are not sufficiently capacious to receive all the works sent for exhibition, and consequently that many deserving a place on the walls have been rejected. Among the most attractive of those hung we noticed, 'Ordeal by Touch,' by Maclise; 'Antwerp Cathedral,' by D. Roberts; 'Moonlight,' by Creswick; 'The Burial of Charles I.,' by Johnston; 'Hunting the Stag,' by Ansdell; 'A Frost Scene,' by C. Branwhite, &c. &c.; and several meritorious pictures by artists whose names are altogether new to us. The Liverpool members are scarcely so strong this year, and the chief merit appears to rest with Ansdell, Herdman, and Dawson. The two latter have fine landscapes in their peculiar styles. There is a work of much promise by Windus, and report speaks favourably of the portraits of Mr. Westcott. We shall, perhaps, find room in a subsequent number for a more detailed account of the exhibition; but we cannot close this brief notice without a word of commendation to Mr. Herdman, the indefatigable Secretary of the Institution, for the zeal and energy he has exercised in the fulfilment of his onerous duties.

BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the excellent School of Art in this town is now open; but we have been unable to pay it a visit in time for a detailed report in our present number. We understand, however, that it equals, and in some respects surpasses, the exhibitions of former years—having received many admirable pictures from the studios of our metropolitan artists.

NOTTINGHAM.—This town may justly lay claim to a School of Design inferior to none in the kingdom: it has the advantages of liberal support; is under the management of an able and efficient Superintendent; and in all its proceedings there is exhibited a due regard to the object for which it was instituted, while it seeks to extend its usefulness and promote its interests by means not circumscribed within the strict limits of artistic operations. We have received a most gratifying report of a *conversazione* held in the rooms of the Society one evening during the past month; the ostensible purpose of which was to welcome the new Assistant-master, Mr. Evans, as well as to celebrate the appointment of one of the students, Mr. J. C. Robinson, to the mastership of the School of Design at Hanley. We can only briefly allude to it by stating that it appeared to give entire satisfaction to all present, and must have been peculiarly gratifying to the esteemed Master of the School, Mr. J. A. Hammersley.

THE SLEEPING NYMPH.

THIS is another of the elegant conceptions of Mr. Baily, on whose works we have already drawn for our series of sculptural plates. 'The Sleeping Nymph' was exhibited in 1832 at the Royal Academy, and was pronounced equal in the best qualities of Art to his most celebrated productions. The subject is purely ideal; there is no myth, no allusion to any of the ancient poets; but the figure is in the most charming spirit of classic Art, and thus, *in se*, is closely akin both to classic Art and classic poetry. It represents a nymph in a state of entire repose, the sleeping face resting on the right arm, and the draped limbs extended lightly upon the couch, which they seem scarcely to press. In any other hands than those of genius the subject had been one of insurmountable difficulty. The extreme difficulty of a work like this is the association of a fine diversity of line with a purely natural position—a result which is here triumphantly obtained by the manner in which the dispositions of the drapery contribute to the composition. It has, however, been the fate of this fine work, like many others of Mr. Baily, to obtain only the admiration of all who behold it, and to remain unexecuted in the artist's atelier. A plan for its execution was some time since proposed by Sir Aubrey de Vere, which was, that it should be carved in marble at the expense of a body of subscribers, for the purpose of presentation to the National Gallery, and, in furtherance of the proposition, a subscription list was immediately opened, at the head of which he put down his own name for £50—he procured many other subscribers for smaller sums, and obtained the support of other gentlemen of acknowledged influence and taste, admirers of the productions of this excellent sculptor; but we believe the plan was never carried out. It is a curious anomaly in the brief history of English sculpture, that successful results in poetical composition alone, acquire for the artist an extended reputation—it is admired, spoken of, remembered, but never *commissioned*: and how may we hope to engage for such works the attention of those among the lovers of Art whom the accidents of fortune have made the dispensers of its outward and temporal recompense, if, knowing of the existence of such conceptions embodied in plaster, they are not influenced by that eloquence of beauty to which there is no equivalent in human language?

The figure of the Nymph in the model from which the engraving is made measures five feet six inches, and the couch on which she is laid, five feet ten inches. The dispositions of the drapery on the lower parts cannot be too highly praised: it is broad, substantial, and free—showing the beautiful contour of the figure beneath. In giving to the world these engravings from the works of the British school of sculpture, we are desirous of showing how much of encouragement the members of our school merit, and how little they receive. We have already said, and we repeat it, that the *unexecuted* productions of the British school of sculpture will bear comparison with the productions of any in existence. The works of Flaxman, alone, are in themselves a school; and, we may with truth add, better known on the Continent than among ourselves. And there live men now, worthy successors of the worthy founders of our school, who (known only to a few persons of taste and discrimination) are endued with a spirit of poetry, as pure as ever animated the bosoms of those whose names have been handed down to us from the days of Pericles.

EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES AT AMSTERDAM.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE annual exhibition of pictures by living artists was opened on the 1st of September, in the halls of the Society "*Arti et Amicitiæ*." This Society is a reunion of artists and amateurs, comprising almost every person interested in the progress of the Fine Arts in Holland, as well as several honorary members—foreigners, among whom are the names of some Englishmen. The saloons are now filled with about two hundred pictures, by the living artists of the country, and some contributions by the Belgian school, besides a few French and German productions. The pictures are placed on the walls, in two lines only, by which method every one receives its full value of examination. The rooms are well lighted, and are capable of containing a much greater number if the system of hanging usually seen in our exhibitions were adopted here. As the rooms will remain open until the end of the year, and all the pictures are for sale, the practice is to deliver immediately those which find purchasers, and replace them by other works, which continue to be supplied by the artists.

A. WALDORP, of the Hague. There are two large pictures by this painter: he has sent some specimens to our exhibition occasionally: they are usually river scenes with boats.

J. A. KRUSEMAN, of Amsterdam. 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins.' A clever effect of light, and well-drawn figures.

W. H. SCHMIDT, of Delft. 'Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus.' A clever composition, well expressed, but scarcely sufficiently elevated in character. Another picture by the same artist, called 'Conjugal Happiness,' is more felicitous, being a scene in common life, of parents caressing their child.

L. MEYER, of Paris. Several marines, in the manner of Schotel, but inferior.

W. VERSCHUUR, of Amsterdam. A pair of small pictures: one 'A Horse in a Stable,' and the other 'A Woman and Horse,' in a landscape. The colour is good, and they are firmly painted.

P. L. DUBOURCQ, of Amsterdam. An Italian scene, with a church and buildings near a river; well composed and solidly painted, but in subdued tones. A lake scene, with evening effect, is an excellent performance.

HENDRIKS, of Oosterbeck. Landscapes: 'Views in Guelderland.' Admirably conceived and brilliant in colour, but rather deficient in drawing, and loose in handling.

J. BOSBOOM, of the Hague. 'The Interior of a Country Church.' Very clever in its way, but rather tame, as this artist's works appeared when in our exhibition in London, last year.

J. E. MERTZ, of Amsterdam. 'A Young Woman at Church.' This picture is ambitious of the old masters of the Dutch school in elaboration and colour; every part is carefully studied: the heads and hands are very fine.

REEKERS, of Haerlem. 'Fruit and Flowers.' Largely painted, with great reference to Nature.

HOPPENBROWERS and ROCHUSSEN, of the Hague. 'Landscape and Figures'—evening effect.

J. VAN DEN BERG, of Haerlem. Two Landscapes with Cattle—of great merit.

MALIJON, of Rotterdam. A pair of small and delicately-painted Interiors.

P. J. SCHOTEL, of Medemblik. Several marines by this artist, who appears a worthy successor of his parent. The works of his father are well known in England; those of his son approach nearly to the same degree of excellence.

SPOHLER, of Brussels. 'A Winter Scene'—imitative of Schelfhout.

C. LIESTE. 'Landscape, with Effect of Sunset.'

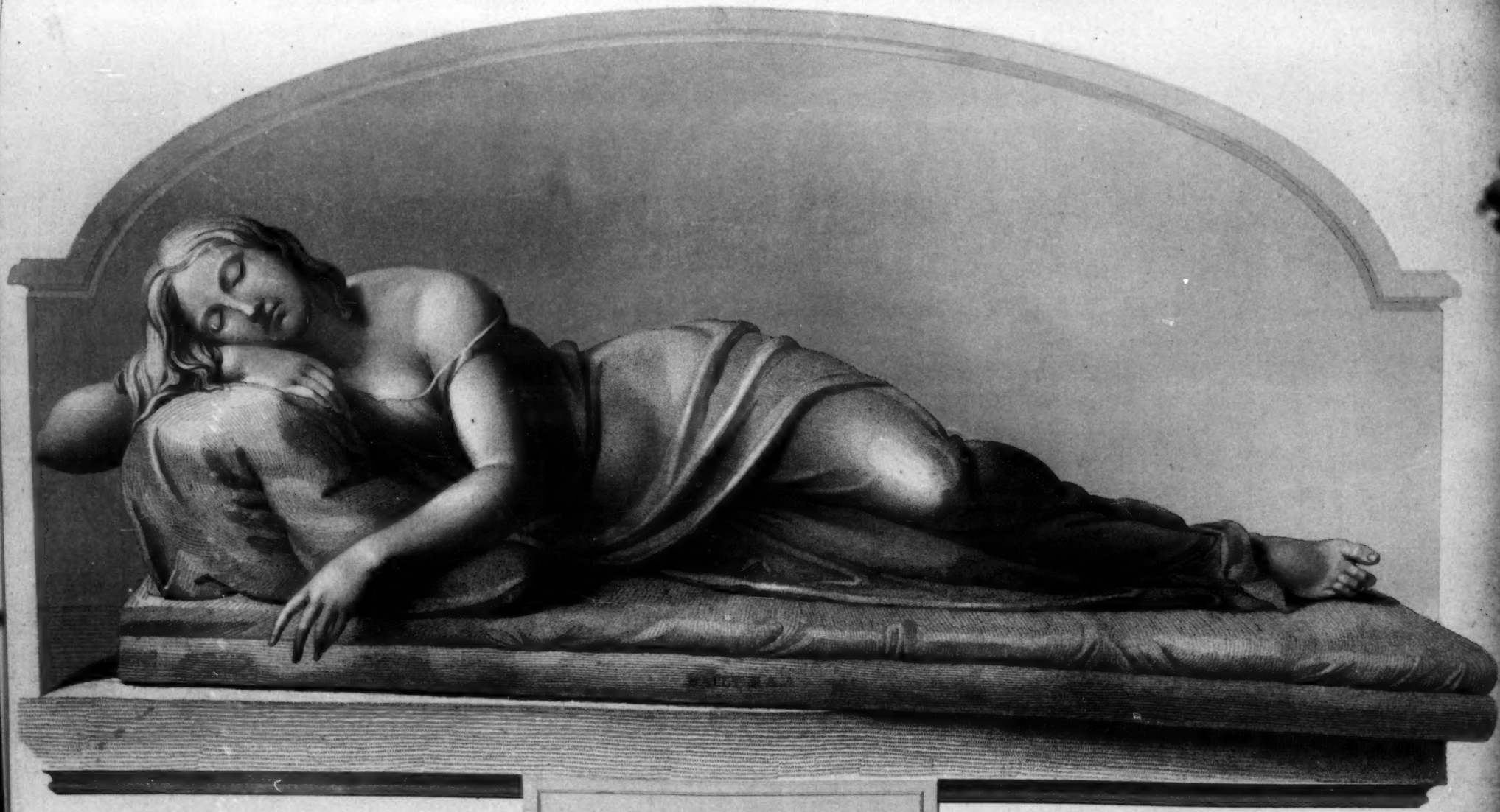
Madame HUANER, of Amsterdam. 'Fruit and Flowers.' A good composition, freely painted.

J. DE RYK, of Hulversum. 'Landscape and Cattle.' Very cleverly painted.

BILDERS, of Utrecht. 'Woody Landscape.'

P. F. GREIVE, of Amsterdam. 'A Woman buying Poultry of a Countryman.' An admirable transcript of Nature, well composed: the figures are filled with life and action.

ARY SCHEFFER, of Paris. 'The Attack by the Swiss Troops on Charles the Bold, before



THE SLEEPING NYMPH.

Patrucco. del. PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE ART UNION MONTHLY JOURNAL n Holl. sculp

Morat, in Switzerland.' This is an early picture of the master; the composition is poetically conceived and freely painted, but differs much from the later pictures by the same painter.

CALAME, of Geneva, 'View on a Lake,' and 'A Forest Scene with a Torrent.' This painter has a very ideal conception of his subject: the trees are well drawn and grouped, and carefully painted; but in manner and effect he imitates F. Danby, A.R.A. The probability is, he has formed his manner upon some of this artist's works, as Mr. Danby lived a considerable time at Geneva, and painted several pictures which remain in Switzerland.

N. DE KEYSER, of Antwerp. 'A Crusader arriving in Sight of Jerusalem.' An admirable figure, beautifully painted, and expressive of religious fervour well delineated.

STEFFAN, of Munich. 'A Barren and Rocky Scene, with a Torrent.' Largely painted.

GUILLEMIN, of Paris. 'The Miser.' A small picture, full of spirit in the treatment.

OUVRIER, of Paris. 'A Market Scene in Belgium.' Clever, but wants unity of thought.

JOLLIVET, of Paris. 'The Ruins of an Abbey.' Painted with so much care of small detail that it produces insipidity in the mass.

LAPITO. Landscape. Deficient in aërial truth, but neatly painted.

J. B. LEYS, of Antwerp. 'The Interior of a Farrier's Shop.' An admirable work, replete with the magical tones which distinguished the painter's works. The figure of the farrier is masterly and original in character.

MADAME MUHLENFELDT, of London. 'A Group of Flowers.' This is the only name with an English address, and does nothing to represent our school in Holland.

O. GUET, of Paris. 'An Italian Scene with Figures.'

J. BEAUME, of Paris. 'The Dream.' A young girl reclining and apparently asleep, while a number of imps and fairies are floating around.

LUGARDON, of Geneva. 'Neapolitan Peasants.'

SCHAEPHELS, of Antwerp. 'Admiral de Ruyter, off Chatham,' and another marine subject.

These are the principal noticeable works in the exhibition: many of the best artists do not contribute any, as it is understood that all are offered for sale, and, as they produce but few, find ready purchasers. It will be seen that the Dutch school follows the class of subject which distinguished it in its brilliant days, and offers no particular novelty of style. The faithful imitation of Nature, with pure colour and careful finish, are its present characteristics; and in these qualities the Dutch artists sustain the renown of their predecessors. The Society "De Arti et Amicitiæ" purchase a number of the best works and distribute them among the members, at the close of the exhibition, by lottery. The pictures by the foreign artists which have been sent are mostly the property of dealers, and contributed upon the speculation of finding purchasers. It is much to be regretted that a better understanding should not exist between the heads of the principal European Schools of Art—such an understanding as would lead each to exhibit to its neighbour the varied productions of its own genius. The universal adoption of such a practice would be of infinite value to the matured artist, and still more so to the *tyro* in Art, as tending to enlarge his views, and to lead his imagination beyond the circumscribed limits of his own ideal world; which, however beautiful it appears in his own eyes, may not find the same attractiveness in those of others. The schools of England and France, Belgium and Holland, may afford each other many useful and practical lessons.

There are but few water-colour drawings worthy of notice, with the exception of two groups of flowers by Van Os; there are also engravings of portraits, of local interest, and a few specimens of sculpture, of considerable merit. In the latter branch of Art the statue of Rembrandt is nearly completed, and is expected to be exhibited in the month of October next, as well as an album, which it is projected to dispose of by lottery, in aid of the funds for casting the statue in bronze. Several presents of pictures have been already made by artists, and others are expected to be offered as gifts for the same object; some foreign artists as well as natives are found in the list of donors. The statue appears to have occasioned considerable excitement in Holland.

PICTURE DEALING.

CARDS of admission have been distributed, inviting the admirers of the Fine Arts to inspect a picture exhibiting at the Palace-chambers, St. James's-street, near St. James's Palace.

The invitation is accompanied by an extract from Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," descriptive of a picture in the Louvre, by P. P. Rubens, representing a carouse of Flemish peasants, about eighty in number, in all the coarse enjoyments of humble life. The free pencil and brilliant colour of this celebrated work are its great qualities, and it is so highly esteemed that the *Experts* of the Louvre have fixed the value at 100,000 francs—£4000. The late Sir T. Lawrence possessed a sheet of paper with sketches on both sides of it, by the master, of nearly thirty studies for the groups, drawn in outline with a vigorous pen.

The picture now in St. James's-street is a representation of the same subject, on a larger scale; and, in the invitation to view it, is stated to be an undoubted duplicate by Rubens himself of the one in the Museum at Paris, and *fully equal* to it in vigour of handling, colour, and expression. These assertions are not borne out on viewing the picture, which is a coarse, ill-painted repetition of the scene by a painter of very mediocre ability as a copyist: it has not even the common merit of the many repetitions of Rubens' works, which were so abundantly manufactured in his time.

The mechanical character of the pencilling in this presumed picture, the enlarged size, and the slight old framing attached to it, are sufficient to indicate that it is one of those numerous "tapestry paintings" which are found in the old houses of Belgium in abundance at the present day—having been painted for insertion in the walls of apartments, as a usual decoration.

On the subject of duplicates of known pictures, which dealers are always disinterring, a few words may be said. In the Museum at Antwerp there are about twenty fine pictures by Rubens—all undoubted originals, traceable from the painter's hand to their present destination. During a visit lately made to it, we observed half a dozen young men laboriously copying these pictures—of the same size, and also of reduced dimensions. We would ask, what becomes of such copies? These humble-looking young men, some habited in the peasant *blouse* of the country, are not likely to pass their time without some recompense for their labours. Even admitting that it is only for the useful purposes of study and improvement, these copies must at some future day be let loose upon the world, and then, getting into the hands of unprincipled picture-dealers—what are they called? Picture-dealers never offer copies, but always possess "duplicates," of great works: it is a case of constant occurrence; and, travelling the round of the picture-dealers' stocks, there will be found at the present hour, in their possession, a fair sprinkling of this illegitimate offspring of Art. Whoever visits the city of Antwerp would hardly fail to enter the Cathedral, where some of the most important pictures in the world are placed. 'The Descent from the Cross' and 'The Elevation of the Cross,' in the transepts, and 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' on the high altar—all by Rubens—are of themselves ample inducements to the curiosity of travellers. Consequently, a notice has been posted in various parts of the Cathedral, written in the three languages of French, Flemish, and English, forbidding all strangers to perambulate the interior during the performance of divine service. Nothing can be more proper than to comply with this request; but, as one service or another lasts during the time the doors are open, the means of viewing these great works of Art is to ask the *marguillier*, or beadle, to show the church at the other hours of the day. Should any stray visitor fail to observe the above notice, this official dignitary is on the look out to apprize the offender, which he does with all due civility, and an offer to oblige the curious gentleman with his companionship as *cicerone* when the divine services are concluded. In expatiating on the glories of Rubens' works, he will not omit the sly opportunity of ascertaining the pulsations of the stranger's pocket. If it prove symptomatic of any throbbings, an invitation ensues to visit the *marguillier's* abode, not very distant from the Church. Here, in a small back parlour, all round the room upon the floor, are placed reduced copies of most of the pictures of Rubens now in the city of Antwerp—well painted generally, and a fair imitation of his method of colour: they are all tariffed at prices varying from £5 to £10. Although nothing can be more open and just than the candour with which these copies are offered, yet the idea was quickly begotten that we were in an incipient granary of picture-dealers' "duplicates," or "original ideas," or "cabinet replicas," or any other applicable cognomens of the craft.

In our own National Gallery a number of young artists are admitted to make copies. It is difficult to determine the prudence or advantages of this course; or under what restrictions the permission should be granted to render it really useful to students, and not profitable in a pecuniary sense by making copies for sale. The latter course is well known to be followed to a considerable extent, and an affair of recent occurrence with one of the copies made in the Gallery has been tolerably bruited about. An application was made to one of the attendants in the Gallery for a copy of the 'Ecce Homo,' by Corregio; a young artist was innocently named to have lately made one of it; the result was its purchase by a picture-dealer, through the agency of another artist, known to be connected with this dealer. In bargaining for the price, a great abatement from the sum demanded was insisted on, and enforced, on the plea that the picture was for a noble lord of high political rank in the country, distinguished for his patronage of the Arts, and certainly more so for his liberality in purchasing originals than in bargaining for copies. That his name was abused in the affair is unquestionable, as the further proceeding will render tolerably clear. Some short time afterwards, the painter of this copy went into the National Gallery, and to his astonishment found another person painting on the identical one he had made. We will not say whether it was for the purpose of improving, or altering, or mystifying it, but we cannot help being strongly of opinion that such proceedings ought to be arrested by the authorities in charge of the National Gallery. We have not the slightest doubt of its having been done without their cognizance; and, even if the act were of supreme innocence, it is at least, when unexplained, pregnant with vast suspicion to find one artist doctoring a copy made by another artist. Well! the original copyist, seeing all the patronage of an influential noble marquis vanishing in an instant from his deluding vision, rushed to the picture-dealer for explanation. The awful fact was confirmed, that the copyist had been enjoying a prolific dream, and had now awakened to the barren truth. However, he was consoled by the payment of twenty pounds, and an assurance that it was all a mistake that the picture was sought for the possession of the exalted individual named; but that, in fact, it was being *prepared* for a noble earl instead, and whose name was given possibly with about as much truth as the first was issued with its patronising illusion. We have been told the names and titles of every one either introduced, or who were the active persons in the agency and purchase of this copy of the 'Ecce Homo.' The grievances, if true, appear to be the wanton use of a noble lord's name to obtain the copy at a reduction of the original demand, and the abuse of the studies allowed in the National Gallery by one man doctoring up the study made by another, ostensibly for his own improvement, and not to be *prepared*, in the mode of the dealer, to fit it for sale.

The Hall of Commerce, in the City, is destined to cultivate the public taste therein. Messrs. Potter and Morten, of Tooley-street, in the Borough, auctioneers, have commenced a series of picture auctions in the above-named hall, to give an opportunity for the wealthy merchants to buy pictures without the inconvenience and loss of valuable time by coming to the West-end and choosing from the Exhibitions. On the 18th of August last, these Tooley-street auctioneers put up for sale a number of pictures. Those attributed to the old masters were of the commonest kind of rubbish; the modern examples were stated to have at various times adorned the walls of the National Gallery at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The names of our greatest artists were prostituted to a number of vile daubings—such as Sir J. Reynolds, R. Wilson, S. Cooper, E. Landseer, C. L. Eastlake, and others. The auctioneers are either the tools and accomplices of the dealers we have constantly denounced, or they are ignorant of the subject with which they meddle.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY. — MUNICH. — His Majesty the King of Bavaria, the generous patron and protector of Art, has induced and most munificently enabled Conservatore Fernbach to travel, in order to collect notices on the progress and state of fresco painting in different countries, in the former and present times, as a continuation of the previous studies and researches of this learned and able artist on the same subject. From a report which he himself has made, we extract the following:—He has found it confirmed by experience that no sort of painting, laid on a dry wall as a layer of colours, is permanent, though it may, perhaps, be able to resist the atmosphere for several years; as even polished granite in Germany, when exposed to the open air, and the influence of the weather and changes of temperature, crumbles off. It is his decided opinion that, in our climates, fresco-painting, systematically founded and executed, is the only lasting and secure one for outer parts of buildings. He has found extensive walls quite exposed, built in the sixteenth century and covered with historic paintings, laid on the dry wall as a firm crust of colours, which were erroneously believed to have been fresco-paintings; but which, in the course of the last twenty years having suffered much, are now, a few coloured traces excepted, wholly washed off, whilst the naked wall is still well preserved; true fresco paintings on the contrary, in the same place, on the same materials, and of the same date, are in good preservation. In the southern parts of Tyrol he has discovered fresco and coloured walls, over which (the buildings being ruinous and totally neglected) the water has been trickling down for more than twenty years from the rocks, while the pictures are so firmly bound to the stones of the wall, the colours so well preserved and so closely united, that only by means of the chisel and by strong strokes of the hammer he could take off small pieces, which he is still in possession of. He has further found walls covered both inside and outside with paintings, which cling so firmly to them that, though he was able with some efforts to make the point of his knife penetrate, yet he could break off no pieces. The most important fact is, that the pure lime wall on which such paintings are executed, obtains under certain circumstances, with the fresco colours laid on it, almost the gloss of marble. This gloss he believed at first to have been produced by artificial means, but he soon discovered that it was only pure mortar and fresco colours. M. Fernbach possesses several such fragments, and is willing to subject them to the inspection and analyzation of any one. He himself has succeeded in producing such layers of mortar, and is firmly convinced that the gloss on the plain and coloured walls at Pompeii is not produced by artificial, but by natural means, the colours growing by themselves lively and transparent. In fresco-paintings the colours and the materials which naturally are fittest to resist the influence of temperature, lime and sand, are most intimately combined. By the influence of the open air a solid carbonated crust of lime, as it were a sort of natural gloss, is formed, and this it is which makes it resist the influence of the weather. The durability of fresco-paintings is increased by the porous nature of the wall, since the air and the atmospheric substances may then freely stream through and desiccate it. He believes that persevering studies, close observation of all appearances, and many trials, are necessary to found the principles of fresco-painting, simple as its nature is, on a scientific and practical base, and to give to this sort of painting the durability it ought to have. Great attention must be paid to the process of incrustation of the lime and colours during the painting. Old, well-preserved works appear to have a better underlayer than he has found in most of the modern; and it is not to be doubted that the power, purity, and beauty of the colours, as well as a more easy and agreeable painting, depend upon a proper underlayer, to form which has been a chief part of his technical studies and investigations.

BERLIN.—At the conclusion of the United Diet the Council of the Three States has presented to its Marshal, Adolph von Rochow Hülpe, an album of much artistic value. The beautiful velvet binding, adorned with silver-gilt ornaments by Hossauer, and the Rochow arms, embossed in silver-gilt by Netto, encloses ten leaves, the first of which, as the titlepage, exhibits the different shields of arms of the eight provinces, which, suspended by the ribbon of the iron cross, and wreathed by fresh oak-leaves, form a circle, on the upper part of which the Prussian eagle is enthroned, whilst underneath genii hold the ensigns of the Marshal's office. On this leaf, executed by Etsmus, the dedication is inscribed. On the second leaf, which contains the speech of thanks of Herr von Beckerath, there is represented Borussia resting on a bronze ornament formed of oak-leaves and acorns, her right arm raised on high, the harbinger of a new era in Prussia, painted by Professor Daeger. On the eight subsequent leaves the eight provinces are represented, each by the signatures of their Deputies, surrounding an allegorical figure of the corresponding province, after the model of the statues in the White Hall, by Professor Drake. Allegorical arabesques, indicating the special peculiarities of the province concerned, surround them. 'Prussia,' executed by Holbein, exhibits on one side of the statue the loading of ships; on the other, horse-breeding; and contains small views of Danzig and Marienbourg, and also allusions to the fishing for yellow amber. 'Brandenbourg,' by Hopfgarten, is surrounded by an ornament on gold ground; upon which, on the two sides of the statue of the province, allegorical figures, representing the Arts and Sciences, are enthroned. In four vignettes it further contains views of 'The Brandenbourg Gate,' 'The Royal Castle,' 'Hülpe, the Hereditary Castle of the Rochow Family,' and 'The Blue Golm,' one of the highest mountains of the Marah, at the foot of which the village of Hülpe is situated. 'Saxony,' by Heinbrück, is represented as the land of fruit and corn. From the niche of the statue rich festoons, with the products of the country, are falling down; they form, as it were, the protecting roof under which the province is prospering. Boys, bearing the symbols of agriculture and navigation, form beautiful groups in the ornament. Besides a view of Magdebourg, with its dome, the Elb, and the railroad-train just arriving, and another view with saltworks and fields, the artist has placed shrines on each side of the statue, the curtains of which, half drawn back, reveal, to the left, the works of Luther, below which a female figure is explaining the Bible to a child; whilst, to the right, genii and scientific instruments signalize the University of Halle. Theodor Hoffmann has painted 'Westphalia,' and has united, in the arabesque, allegorical figures representing flax-culture and linen-manufacture, with a view of the Porta Westphalica and the Linden of the Vehme. 'Silesia,' by Adolph Menzel, exhibits on the left a dark shaft, where, by torchlight, valuable metals are brought to light; while, on the right, there is a bath surrounded by walls, in which a sick man is bathing, assisted by the nymph of the fountain. Near this group is seen, through dark trees, an extensive tract of level country, closed by the Riesengebirge. Fresh leaves overgrow the whole; and their branches, forming below an enclosure, encircle a sheepfold. Professor Kolbe has painted 'Pomerania.' The statue of the province is surrounded by a sort of structure composed of wooden piles, over which beams are laid—some of them with breastwork, as in farmhouses. These enclose two pictures—one of them representing Cattle-breeding; a farm, where they are milking and making butter; and a boy angling at a pond denotes Fishing. The other picture shows the navigation on the Oder, Commerce, and the Loading of Goods. 'Posen,' by Constantin Cretius, is distinguished by the brilliant colouring of the fantastical leaves of the arabesques; naked boys chase a wild boar, whose head springs from a flower; others carry beehives, and the attributes of Agriculture. 'The Province of the Rhine,' by Adolph Henning, forms the conclusion of the whole. Out of an ornament of reeds, springing from below the niche of the statue, rise four chalices of flowers, with Hermes, in stucco, standing on them, and supporting a cornice corresponding with the architecture of the niche and statue; and on which, in the manner of alto-relievo, some legends of the Rhine are represented—such as 'Eginhard and Emma,' 'Lorely, the Maiden of the Drachenfels,' and 'Siegfried's Death.' On the four panels, enclosed by arabesques of reed, those to the right contain—'Cologne, with its Dome;' 'The Rhine,' 'Steam Navigation,' 'Industry,' &c.; and those to the left 'The Middle Rhine, with its Castles and Ruins,' and a 'Vintage'—the same which this artist painted some years ago on the frieze of the White Hall. Wreaths of vine-leaves, springing below these pictures from the reeds, enclose, on the right, allusions to the painting-school of Düsseldorf, and the Carnival; and in a medallion, the four chief rivers of the province—Rhine, Moselle, Wupper, and Saar. Below the arabesque is the flying figure of a boy holding a green rummer overflowing with wine, and bearing the inscription, "Wiebelungen Hort," on a strip of paper. To the left, are resting on the wreaths the four Faculties of the Univerasity of Bonn, and the four good vine years—1822, 1834, 1842, and 1846—which this province has had under the Prussian Government: the first of them represented as a strong man in deep slumber, the last as a lively child. At the foot of this ornament there is likewise the figure of a child holding a grape, and a loose ribbon with the inscription—Anno 1847.

Professor Wichmann is occupied with a marble group representing 'A Wounded Warrior whom Victory is crowning,' which our King has destined for one of the pedestals of the Castle Bridge. The same artist has just finished the model of a second statue of Winkelmann, in a costume more approaching the modern, and destined by order of the King to be placed in the entrance-hall of the Museum, similar to Schinkel's statue of Tieck. Besides this, he has also finished an excellent bust of the renowned Belgian painter, De Kayser.

DRESDEN.—Hänel has finished the model of the fourth great figure for the Karls monument at Prague, representing 'Physic;' and the statue has been recently cast at Lauckhammer. Professor Rietschel is occupied with a most beautiful group, 'Mary weeping over her Dead Son.'

Our Kunstverein has come to a most laudable resolution: it offers a prize of 2000 thalers (about £300) for a large historical oil painting, destined for the Chamber of Deputies of Saxony. The Kunstverein, in consequence, invites the artists to send in their sketches.

KOENIGSBERG.—The celebrated sculptor, Kiss, has finished his gypsum model of the colossal equestrian statue of King William III., to be erected in the King's Garden of our city. It is about thirty feet high, with six pilasters, and pedestal; the respective spaces of which will be occupied by the figures of persons who distinguished themselves under the reign of that king—Von Stein, Hardenberg, Blücher, Gneisenau, York, and Count Bulow von Dennewitz. The *bassi-rilievi* will represent the King and Queen in their family: the King with his legislators; the beginning of the War of Deliverance.

FRANCE. — Eight cartoons have just been finished by M. Galimard, being compositions commissioned by the town for the Church of St. Lawrence.

At the Hotel de Ville the "solemn distribution" of prizes to the young pupils of the Free School of Design has taken place—the Count of Rambuteau, Prefect of the Seine, presiding. After vocal music by the pupils of the Orphéon, and the reading of an annual Report, full of interest and proofs of prosperity, above twenty prizes were given, for subjects such as drawings and sculptures after Nature, plants, animals, ornaments, alto and basso relievo; as well as prizes of honour, others for mathematics and the best account of lectures. An interesting circumstance was mentioned, that Thomas Couture, whose 'Roman Orgie' bore off the palm at the last Exhibition, had started from the benches of that school.

[It is our painful task to record the death of Professor Gambihler, of Nuremberg, who has been the German correspondent of our Journal during the last three years. He was a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, highly esteemed and respected by the artists and friends of Art in Germany, with most of whom he was on intimate terms. We owed much to his ability in regard to the information with which he furnished us, and much also to his exertions in making the ART-UNION known among a people whose wants and wishes he thoroughly understood. Dr. Gambihler was the author of several meritorious works: among others of a guide to his countrymen who visited London. His death has been for some months anticipated: its proximate cause being an attack of paralysis.]

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

September, 1847.

It is the month of the great prizes of the Academy of Fine Arts. After those for musical composition—adjudged, the first to M. Deffes, pupil of Halevy; the next to M. [Crevecœur, pupil of H. Colet; and the last to M. Charlot, pupil of Carafa—come those with which we have more particularly to do.

The competitions in the three great branches of Art—sculpture, architecture, and painting—were arranged in the following order:—That for the prize in sculpture was exhibited publicly in the School of Fine Arts on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of September; and judgment was rendered on the 11th. That for the prize in architecture was exhibited in the same manner and place on the 15th, 16th, and 17th; and judgment pronounced on the 18th. The turn of the painters is fixed for the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; and the judgment for the 25th—too late, I fear, to render account of this month.

The first prizes, in each case, consist of five years' residence and study at the French Academy in Rome; the expenses being defrayed by the State. The works for the competitions are executed by a limited number, chosen by elision, on account of the excellence of their performances in a series of two preparatory competitions, the first of which is open to any *Frenchman* under thirty. The successful competitors in these two preliminary contests are then appointed to lodges appendant to the buildings of the Academy. During the time of the execution of these works, they are forbidden any communication with the exterior, such as might afford them counsel or assistance; and they are limited to male models. As soon as the time allotted is expired, or the artist declares his work finished, the lodges are closed and sealed till the time of public exhibition.

The entire publicity given to the exhibition of the works of the competitors is in accordance with the interest in Art felt everywhere in Paris; for the rooms are crowded the whole time, from ten to four, on the days fixed; not only by artists and the friends of the rivals, but by the mere public, attracted powerfully by all that concerns Art and the honours awarded it. Indeed, it is often difficult to get a place from which to regard each work satisfactorily; and it is necessary to wait an opportunity in order to pierce the crowd of old men and young, of fathers and fellow-pupils, of gaily-garbed young ladies and sober matrons, content to squeeze and be squeezed for a glimpse of the works of half a score of youths scarcely passed twenty, and some not even beyond their *teens;* but whose efforts, elaborated in solitary study, form an era in the Art-year, and excite an interest almost equal to that of the great annual exhibition itself. It is especially so in the case of the paintings exposed in the room, where, above and around them, are hung the prize works of their predecessors in these combats of genius; not only the works of the two *envois de Rome*, but the half-figures and sketch compositions for the other prizes of the Academy; on which appear the names of those who have risen from their then pupilage, to be the masters in Art, and the guides in study of those now seeking to achieve a place by their side.

This publicity also renders the judgments somewhat amenable to the general decision expressed in the press and in Art-circles. And it is to be supposed that discussion in public will have a certain influence on the conduct of men, some of whom, it is well known, are quite ready to stretch a point, in order to obtain success for a pupil of their own, and, by consequence, for themselves; others, however, of the judges, as Ingres, Vernet, Delaroche, are of irreproachable probity, and not to be influenced by any personal or party motives. The judges are the forty painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and musicians who compose the Academy. It is not certainly very clear that Messieurs Aubre, Halevy, Carafa, &c., whose talent on the gamut is unquestionable enough, should for this be capable of judging of the relative merits of a number of paintings; not to speak of "Messieurs les Architectes;" but so it is; and the poor painter must be content to be judged by musicians and house-designers along with the rest. Still, the most influential and busy members of the jury are known to be two or three painters and sculptors, who are also professors in *ateliers* of their own—an inconsistency amounting to a positive evil in the case of certain among them who are known to be partial, even to barefaced dishonesty, and which must yet be surmounted by an express enactment.

The first impression produced by a glance at the sculpture competition of this year, was certainly that of the skill and talent of the young rivals. It is doubtful if several among the judges could have borne themselves as well. Almost every thing that well-educated and patiently-elaborated talent could do for the demonstration of genius was there—only the perception of the route was wanting. But how should genius start into demonstration when originality is forbidden it, by its being hemmed into the circumstances of, I know not what dead and half-antediluvian manner of living in Greece and Rome? The misfortune of the Academy here is, that it contains too many old men still subjugated to the traditions of David's school, and deeming nothing possible in Art but a repetition of the works of the Greeks. Whatever passes under their hands comes out stamped with the never-to-be-got-out-of Greek or Roman style of their cherished predilection. Be it a statue of a modern Deputy, or a history of Napoleon in bas-relief, these pitiless stylemongers translate it all into their perpetual Greek and Latin; or something they call *allegory*, half-clad in long-folded toga, and strutting in attic porticos, which might as well be the hieroglyphics on the Luxor Obelisk, to the simple, uninitiated observer. To the youths under their professional control they of course prescribe the same outworn path, until disgust for the ever-same imitation of broken-nosed antiques almost threatens to extend to Art itself. Assuredly it is the farthest possible from my intention to disparage those wonderful remains of exquisite chisels, the clank of whose chipping is lost away in the dark and solemn silence of above two thousand years; but, however glorious they were for old Greece, the life of our nineteenth century demands another excellence, than their servile imitation and repetition can give.

The subject of the present competition is thus in the chosen range of dim antiquity: it is 'Telemachus presenting to Phalantes the Funereal Urn of his Brother Hippias, whom he (Telemachus) had vanquished in single combat.' What relation there may be between this and the subjects which young sculptors may yet have to execute for our present times, is certainly mysterious enough. However, they were to arrange together—Telemachus, who with antique chivalry seeks to render due funereal honours to the ashes of his former enemy; Phalantes, wounded and oppressed with grief on receiving the remains of his brother; two venerable followers of Hippocrates, whom Telemachus has sent to aid the wounded Phalantes; with such other subordinate characters as might be proper. To go into an analytical criticism of the works of the eight competitors, would little interest those who of course could scarcely pay them a visit from across the Channel; suffice it to say that the one in which the principal character, by his position and the feeling and expression distinguishing him, stood most out—in which Phalantes, exhausted with physical and mental pain, expresses at once deep grief for his brother's loss, and acknowledgment of the magnanimity of the conqueror; and in which the subordinate figures occupy appropriate places—has been successful in procuring the prize for its author, M. Perraud, aged twenty-eight, pupil of Ramey and Dumont. Another first prize was at the disposal of the judges this year, from the last competition having been considered too imperfect to warrant its bestowal upon any of the works. This was conferred on M. Maillet, aged twenty-four, pupil of Pradier, whose work was also distinguished, though in a less degree, by remarkable powers of execution and arrangement. The second prize was awarded to M. Bonardel, aged twenty-three, pupil of Ramey and Dumont; but one, judging from a great misconception of the principal figure, would hardly have expected the work to have been thus honoured. On the whole, evidence enough was given that, in a course in which genius might have free play, such powers would have furnished us works in which something more than mere excellence of arrangement and performance might have made the pulse beat quickly with fresh and genial impulses. For several years back there has not been so talented a competition. The works, bas-reliefs prepared in clay, are arranged along the ground floor of the Academy; and a guardian is stationed, by throwing water over them, from time to time, to prevent their cracking.

The subject for the Architects was also quite in the traditions: 'A Chamber of Deputies,' with all its dependencies—royal reception-room, conference-halls for deputies, officers, library, &c. Yet, so effective had been the monotonous routine of education undergone by the competitors, that the sameness of the eight works was amusingly striking. One would have said that each, bid to take his own from among the others, would hardly have been able to find it. There were the same façades, the same rows of pillars, the same places for statues; and, down even to the minutiæ, it was evident that the rules of the school took place of all individuality of genius. For the rest, there seemed to be proof of considerable talent, or, at least, the system of the Academy seemed to have been well learned and ably rendered. But, as to choosing a first from among them, I believe it must have been pretty much a "toss up," even for the all-wise Academy. However, the first prize has been awarded to M. André, pupil of Huyot and Lebas; and the second to M. Claudel, pupil of Lebas.

The few names inserted in my last, of artists who had received medals in consequence of their works in the last Exhibition must not be supposed to be a complete list. On the contrary, I am assured that above a hundred medals have been awarded; but, as no list is given out, one is forced to be content with a name caught here and there. It has seemed as if profusion was intended to supply the place *of* judgment: *for*, with a most inexplicable *mal-à-propos*, Clesinger, whose 'Woman Stung by a Serpent' unquestionably elicited the greatest applause among the sculptures, has been honoured with a simple silver medal; while others, whose works were only remarked to be passed by, have been distinguished with a gold one. Couture, too, whose 'Roman Orgie' was the richest gem in the *Salon*, has been singled out for the same honour, which, however, he has with proper modesty declined. It would seem as if we wanted to befool entirely this once honourable distinction.

The Municipal Council are about to order for different churches in Paris ten pictures, and five statues or groups, over and above the numerous important works already in execution. A statue in zinc is also to be ordered for a fountain.

The copies made for Government of the Frescos of Raffaelle in the Vatican, by the brothers Balze, have arrived from Rome, and are disposed at the Pantheon, where, along with some other such works, they are to be exhibited to the public, as soon as they can be arranged.

Louis Philippe has had hung at the Tuileries, a portrait of Pius IX., by a Spanish artist. Of course, a portrait must not be understood to have any political signification; for, though "Papa Philippe" will, doubtless, stand by the portrait, now that he has paid for it, it does not seem to indicate that he will stand by the original. Indeed, as he is well known to care "not a plum" for the Roman or any other religion, and to love still less the social and political reforms of the present Pontiff, it would be difficult to tell what signification the portrait can have at the Tuileries.

There are tremendous threatenings of a complete overturn in the Place Carrousel at present; not only has there been for weeks back, a fierce uptearing and downsetting of causeway-stones, together with a choking odour of asphalte, all over the Place, but, *en attendant*, higher revolutions—the whole colony of old curiosity-shops, book and picture stalls, old music and lumber stores, between the Tuileries and the Louvre, are being swept clean away at this moment by the pitiless besom of reform, which it is only a pity does not dare to brush the deformities away from more *stately* regions. In the grand court of the Louvre are also being placed, in niches which succeed each other all about the square, statues of various kinds—copies, of course, of antiques. It is a pity it does not enter the wise heads of those who get these tiresome repetitions cut out of the marble, that France has furnished many a great artist, of whom some memento might most appropriately be niched *there*, in the palace of the Arts.

J. O. M.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G., LANSDOWNE-HOUSE, BERKELEY-SQUARE.

THERE are few mansions in London on so grand a scale, so admirably adapted for the quiet of domestic retirement, or for a great and numerous assemblage, as that which contains the works we are about to notice. The house stands in a garden occupying the entire southern side of Berkeley-square. The garden is planted with lofty trees that screen it from the adjacent buildings: on the north it has the plantations of Berkeley-square, and on the south is enclosed by the more extensive grounds of Devonshire House.

Lansdowne House, formerly Shelburne House, was built in 1765, for the Earl of Bute, by Robert and James Adam, architects of some celebrity at that period. The principal front faces the east, and is decorated with columns of the Ionic order; much cannot be said in commendation of the façade, which is barren of ornament excepting the frieze—a repetition of that on the Temple of Concord at Rome.

The entrance-hall is spacious, and paved with black and white marble, laid in geometrical forms: on either side are placed statues. The first appearance of the interior at once informs the visitor that the sublime works of sculpture have a leading place in the works of Art contained in the grand saloons. The collection in Lansdowne House rivals, if it does not excel, any private collection in England. It was first formed about 1778, when Gavin Hamilton, an English artist residing at Rome, opened the site of Adrian's Villa, which has since so abundantly supplied the museums of Europe. Gavin Hamilton extended his researches to other places in Italy, and sent to England the greater part of the antique sculptures which formed the Townley collection, now added to the British Museum; and that of the first Lord Lansdowne. On the death of the first Lord, they were purchased of his executors for £6000; the present Marquis has subsequently added to them many important objects. In all, the collection comprises upwards of fifty statues, nearly as many busts, besides bas-reliefs and other valuable remains of sculpture.

The staircase ascends through the centre of the building, and is lighted from the roof. As all the principal apartments are on the ground floor, and comprise a suite capable of containing two thousand persons, the staircase becomes a secondary object. At the base of it stands a noble statue of Diana, and there are some smaller statues and busts, among which are a 'Jupiter seated,' 'An Egyptian Divinity,' and 'A Recumbent Nymph.' Two bas-reliefs, of Asiatic sculpture, have lately been inserted in the wall,—one, the bust of a man, holding two horses by the head; the other, a colossal head in profile, the hair carefully curled, and having the remains of a broad band, of red colour, painted as a coronal on it.

Passing through the front drawing-room, the grand dining-room succeeds. This noble apartment is twenty-four feet in width, by forty-seven feet in length, and is adorned with nine ancient Roman portrait statues and some divinities, of the time of the Empire, placed in niches; among them are Germanicus, Claudius, Cicero, Trajan, and others. Two busts, of the heroic size, of Isis, and Antinous as Osiris; and 'A Sleeping Nymph,' being the last work of Canova, are also in the room, near the windows.

THE FRONT DRAWING-ROOM.

This apartment has the ceiling painted by CIPRIANI; the design is composed of groups of figures in panels and lunettes. The walls are also paneled with some groups that have the appearance of being by the same hand; another large compartment is filled by a landscape with architectural remains; immediately opposite is the chimneypiece, over which is placed the picture by Rembrandt. Two sculptures adorn it: one a repetition, by Canova, of his statue of Venus, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence; the other is the statue of 'A Child holding an Alms' Dish,' by Rauch, of Berlin. The statue of Venus is the most admired of all the works executed by Canova. The goddess is in the attitude of just issuing from the bath, and turns her head to the left, as if listening to an approaching footstep. The drapery is folded about her, as if she were apprehensive of being seen by profane eyes; and is so artistically disposed that it scarcely conceals the contour of the form it would hide. The other copy of this statue by Canova has been placed in the Tribune at Florence, near the 'Venus de Medici,' as a tribute of admiration to the genius of Italy.

REMBRANDT. His own portrait. Among the numerous representations he has left of his personal appearance, this ranks as one of the most important. The figure is nearly a front view, seen to the waist, holding a palette and brushes in the right hand, the left resting on the hip. Sir Joshua Reynolds cites it in his interesting "Tour in Flanders," when it was in the collection of the Danoot family, who were bankers in the Rue d'Aremberg, at Brussels. It must be admitted that this admirable example of portraiture exercised considerable influence on Sir Joshua, who appears in many of his works to have struggled in honourable rivalry with its glorious impasto and colour. It formerly was in the collection of the Count de Vence; there is an engraving of it by De Marcenay. At the sale of the Danoot collection in 1828 it was purchased and imported by Mr. Buchanan, and subsequently transferred for a large sum to its present position.

THE DRAWING-ROOM

is a fine spacious apartment, thirty-seven feet long and twenty-four feet wide, corresponding in size with the library adjacent. The ceiling is painted with vignettes by CIPRIANI, connected by festoons and *fleurons*, with chimeras and other ornaments, much in the style of Pompeian mural decoration. An arched recess opposite the fireplace, is filled with a looking-glass of the same extended dimension, and has the illusive faculty of completely doubling the apartment. The walls have been newly hung with the richest silk damask; and the curtains and furniture are appropriate in splendour to the other adjuncts of Art and taste which fill and adorn this sumptuous room.

The pictures are hung in the following order, beginning next to the window on the north side of the room:—

SIR J. REYNOLDS. Portrait of the Countess of Berkeley. The lady is attired in a white satin cloak, trimmed with black fur; the features are strikingly *naive;* and the work exhibits the careful execution of the artist's early period. It is in a perfect condition of conservation and purity.

VELASQUEZ. Portrait of Pope Innocent X.

P. DELLA VECCHIA. A composition of four heads. This picture has been variously entitled; as 'The Wounded Soldier,' 'The Cut Finger,' &c. It represents an elderly man examining the hand of a young soldier, two comrades looking on. The colour resembles the works of Giorgione. The picture was previously in the collection of Lord Mulgrave.

GREUZE. The head of a young Female.

GUERCINO. 'The Return of the Prodigal Son.' From the Giustiniani Palace.

MURILLO. 'The Virgin kneeling;' a small whole-length figure.

REMBRANDT. Portrait of an elderly Female in a ruff.

SCHIDONE. 'The Virgin and Child.' From the collection of Lord Mulgrave.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. Portrait of Lady Anstruther. A worthy companion picture to the previously-named picture of Lady Berkeley.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. 'The Sleeping Girl.' A repetition of the subject of one of Mr. S. Rogers' pictures: this was purchased at the Marchioness of Thomond's sale.

REMBRANDT, A.D. 1642. Portrait of a Lady, apparently between thirty and forty years of age, elegantly attired, resting the left arm upon a table. A work of excessive beauty, with an expression of animated intelligence, as if speaking. From the collections of Julienne and the Abbé Geviny. Purchased in Paris by Smith, of Bond-street, and sold by him to Lord Wharncliffe. It returned, at this nobleman's sale, again into the same hands, from which it passed into those of the present noble possessor.

VELASQUEZ. 'Charles V. when a Child.' One of the royal infants of Spain in a cradle, covered with rich draperies, showing only the face of the young Prince.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. 'A Girl with a Muff.'

DOMENICHINO. 'St. Cecilia.' This saint was a favourite subject of the painter, many variations of it existing. He must have acquired great renown to have been induced to paint so many repetitions as we find, and all authenticated works. The figure is half length, playing on an antique viol; the head is turbaned; and the dress of a scarlet colour, well disposed. The picture has been in the Borghese Palace, the collections of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the Queen of Etruria, and the Duke of Lucca.

SCHIDONE. 'Virgin and Child.' Apparently a felicitous inspiration, and left by the painter in the slight state of a sketch. The highest praise that could be bestowed on it, would be to say that it is as fine as Corregio for expression of sentiment, grace of form, and illusion of *chiaro'scuro*. Lord Northwick brought it to England from Rome, in his own carriage.

A. DEL SARTO. 'The Reposo.' In figures of a life size, the Holy Family are represented reposing on the perilous journey called the "Flight into Egypt." The great qualities of Art are fulfilled, with the exception of the heads: the Virgin is the type of all the painter's females, and reputed to have been that of a very virago, to whom he was married, as Vasari relates. This oft-told relation influences the amateur to imagine that the divine sweetness and humility of the Virgin Mother is deficient in the works of A. Del Sarto. The picture was formerly in Lord Radstock's collection.

MORALES. The head of a Female.

VELASQUEZ. Portrait of the Duke d' Olivarez. This, and the companion picture, a portrait of the painter himself, are, indeed, masterly performances—painted with stern vigour, and uncompromising natural tints. Independent of the executive part, the ideal in portraiture could hardly be more felicitously given; the character of the individuals is engrafted in the features of the dignified statesman and the man of genius. From one of the royal palaces of Spain they were obtained by the Prince of Peace. Mr. Buchanan imported them, and Lord Lansdowne became their possessor.

VENUSTI. 'The Holy Family and St. John.'

VELASQUEZ. The portrait of himself; the companion to that of the great Spanish Minister noticed above.

L. CARACCI. 'Christ's Agony in the Garden.' An angel is seen, attended by three cherubs, offering the cup to the kneeling Saviour. It came from the Giustiniani Gallery, and is a cabinet picture possessing the highest qualities of Art; being a perfect example of the excellencies of the Bolognese school.

MURILLO. 'The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin.' The principal figure is nearly the size of life; she is standing on a crescent apparently buoyant in the ethereal regions. This method of representing the subject appears conventional in the Spanish school from its constant adoption. In this picture it is treated with all the graceful and modest harmony the painter was competent to fulfil; the work came from the collection of Mr. Zachary.

SIR J. REYNOLDS. Head of a young Girl. Evidently a portrait of some juvenile branch of the aristocracy, from its high bearing and elegance of manner.

There are besides, in this apartment, eight exquisite enamel copies by BONE, after celebrated pictures. They comprise—

'Vanity,' after L. Da Vinci.
'Virgin and Child,' after Raffaelle.
'Danaë,' after Titian.
'Vierge au Panier,' after Corregio.
'Susannah and the Elders,' after Guido.
'Lot and his Daughters,' *idem*.
'Head of Christ.'
'Master Crewe,' after Sir J. Reynolds.

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM

is a small circular apartment with a domed ceiling. A broad frieze, by CIPRIANI, adorns it, representing nymphs in various occupations. The figures are painted *en grisaille*, on a chocolate ground.

Two statues in niches, and one picture, are the only ornaments of Art in the apartment.

VON HOLST. 'The Bride.' A half-length female figure, painted expressly for its situation; a previous one of the same subject having been purchased by the Duke of Sutherland. The lady is represented standing at an open window, the

costume and accessories are those of Italy, and a quotation from Shelley imparts the agitation of mind that saddens her features:—

"Ginevra from the nuptial altar went;
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within."

THE LIBRARY.

Between the windows a bust of the Emperor Vitellius, in porphyry, with bronze drapery, is placed on a console. The likeness of the Roman Monarch much resembles that of Charles James Fox, the eminent statesman. On the bookcases which surround the room there are sixteen busts, all antique, several of the highest merit. Over the fireplace there is a bas-relief of Esculapius, nearly the size of life, also antique; and some small sculptures of relievos are inserted in the cornices of the door-frames. M. Waagen, in his work on "Art and Artists in England," enters into many critical remarks on the condition and beauty of these remains of ancient skill, which are very interesting to the learned in this class of Fine Art, but unnecessary to be quoted here. Two very charming candelabra, with spiral columns issuing out of tazzas, should not be omitted: small frays are sculptured on the borders of the tazzas in which the slender columns are based.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Portrait of Kitty Fisher; a half-length.

Idem. The portrait of Lawrence Sterne seated, half-length, leaning on one hand. Never was the genius of satire so amply developed as in this almost magical head. It is the absolute perfection of the employment of artistic means to exemplify an ideality of imagination, talent, and wit of the highest order. There are abundance of engravings from it. The picture is said to have been first painted for the Earl of Ossory, and passed from him to the late Lord Holland. Subsequently it was sold by his Lordship's widow for 500 guineas to Lord Lansdowne, being an ample proof of its high estimation as a work of Art.

Idem. Portrait of a Lady in a black cloak.

A. Del Sarto. Portrait of himself when about eighteen years of age.

Titian. Portrait of a Gentleman holding a roll of paper. This is presumed to be a likeness of the painter, and certainly the features have sufficient analogy with his recognised lineaments to justify the inference.

J. Jackson, R.A. Portrait of Flaxman, the Sculptor.

Bernardino Luini. 'St. Barbaras.' A single figure, seen to the knees, attired in scarlet, with richly-jewelled ornaments. The background offers a mountainous site with edifices. A truly religious ideality imbues the female saint, who is treated with a simplicity of execution, characteristic of the influence of the powerful Leonardo da Vinci.

C. Jervas. Portrait of Alexander Pope. This is a remarkable association with the portrait of Sterne, by Sir Joshua, and has the singular accident of being similarly represented—leaning on one hand. But here the analogy ceases, for nothing can be more antipodal than this pair in the gifts of Art, notwithstanding the poet's fulsome lines addressed to the artist, which have, of a verity, become celebrated for the actual nonentity of judgment they contain. Like the portrait of Sterne, this likeness of Pope has been abundantly engraved, and prefixed to his writings.

Vandyke. Portrait of a Lady.

Rembrandt. Portrait of a middle-aged Man, said to be a Burgomaster.

Van der Helst. Portrait of a Gentleman in a white collar, with his hat on a table.

Giorgione. The portrait of Sansovino, the Venetian architect. The torso of a statue is placed before him, indicating that he was an accomplished sculptor as well as a renowned architect. It is a portrait replete with manly dignity, and superbly painted. Originally it belonged to the collection of the Duke of Lucca.

Gainsborough. The portrait of Dr. Franklin.

Vandyke. The portrait of the Queen Henrietta Maria. A recent importation from abroad said in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné" to have been brought from Italy. The figure is a three-quarter length, attired in a white satin dress, with bows of geranium-coloured ribbon; the hair ornamented with strings of pearls. The picture is painted in flesh tints of great delicacy, and tenderly pencilled.

A. Caraçci. Head of an old Man.

. . . . Portrait of a young Man, in white habiliment.

S. Del Piombo. Portrait of the Count Federigo de Bozzola. From the Ghizzi Palace, at Naples. History makes no mention of any actions of this noble personage, which the grand cast of features and expression entitles us to expect. The magisterial pose and dignity have never been surpassed by this great painter of the outward form of his illustrious contemporaries. The value rests upon its high merits as a work of Art, which makes it truly a distinguished ornament in a collection remarkable for finely-painted heads.

. . . . Portrait of Crabbe, the Poet.

Titian. 'The Magdalen.' A three-quarter length, of life size, one hand pressed to the breast. Originally possessed by Queen Christina of Sweden, it passed into the Orleans Gallery. At the dispersion of this collection, it was purchased by T. Maitland, Esq. There are several repetitions of this work extant, of undoubted authenticity; this is presumed to be the same which was possessed by Charles I. Another very celebrated one is now in the collection of Lord Ashburton; being the veritable one painted by Titian for Philip II. of Spain.

THE GRAND GALLERY

is the pride of Lansdowne House. The noble dimensions of this apartment, the lofty ceiling, and the Museum of Antique Sculpture contained in it, constitute a pure temple of Greek Art. The whole length is nearly 100 feet, and consists of two circular ends, each thirty feet in diameter, uniting with a parallelogram of the same width, and thirty-eight feet in length. The polished floor is inlaid with an elegant classic design by Sir Robert Smirke. Pilasters of scagliola support a coved ceiling, panelled into small compartments, filled with rosaces, and decorated with pale blue colour and gilding. The two circular portions have domed ceilings more lofty than the centre one, in each of which is a fanlight. Outside these windows, on occasions of fêtes or grand assemblies, a number of gas jets shed a shower of light into the gallery, without the inconvenience of the heat. Several large and lofty candelabra of scagliola, imitating porphyry, bearing branches of lights, and many small branches placed on the wall, at intervals, all filled with wax candles, illumine the scene with about 400 lights. The walls are painted a pale buff. From the recesses where the statues are placed rich draperies of dark crimson velvet are suspended, and, when the gallery is filled with the *élite* of England's aristocracy, the scene so lighted becomes dazzling to a degree of almost enchanting illusion. The chimneypiece is placed in the centre, on the right side on entering. Two Egyptian statues of black marble, found at Tivoli, stand one on each side; a curious fragment of a frieze, also from Adrian's Villa, forms a cornice, and is surmounted by an Egyptian bust in black basalt. Immediately opposite the chimney is a superb slab of Brescia marble, fifteen feet in length, standing on legs, carved as chimeras. On this slab are three antique busts, a Minerva of colossal dimensions is the central one; three windows above, on this side of the room, give daylight to the whole apartment. Among the statues are Hercules and Marcus Aurelius, Mercury, Diomed Theseus, Juno sitting (sometimes called a personation of Chastity), an Amazon, Juno standing, Hercules when a boy, Jason, &c. An antique marble chair with the sacred serpent on it; a candelabrum standing on an altar, and three bas-reliefs inserted in the wall under the window, are among the many rare remains of Greek and Roman Art which form the valuable ornaments of this classic saloon.

ANTE-ROOM.

. . . . A copy of the famous head, by El Mudo, at Bowood, of Donna Maria de Padillas.

J. Linnell. Portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy.

Sir A. W. Callcott. 'Landscape, with Figures.' A small long picture; two boys and a dog are on the right, and a waggon and horses on the left. A brilliant sunny effect is most felicitously conveyed over a scene of little interest, but for its charming colour.

Eliza Baumann. 'A Polish Family in Exile.' A large picture, intended to excite sympathy for an unfortunate race.

H. Raeburn. Portrait of Francis Horner, Esq.

Sir Thomas Lawrence. Portrait of the present Marquis of Landsowne. Three-quarter length.

W. Severn. 'Italian Peasants.'

Eckhardt. 'Sir Robert and Lady Walpole.' The painter of this picture was a German, who settled in England, and died at Chelsea in the last century. The portraits are small whole-lengths, seated. The background, with a view of the mansion at Houghton, and the dogs, are painted by Wootton. The frame which contains it is a rich specimen of the carving of Grinlin Gibbons. This interesting picture was one of the Strawberry-Hill curiosities, and was purchased at the sale in 1842.

Sir A. W. Callcott. Portrait of a Lady.

F. Stone. "True love never did run smooth." This is the quotation to a picture universally known by the engraving of the subject.

W. Simson. 'A Dutch Family.' The story is composed of a mother sitting with her child asleep on her lap, and a girl standing near. The treatment is excellent, and certainly one of the best works the deceased artist ever produced.

C. L. Leslie, R.A. 'Sir Roger de Coverley, with the Spectator, going to Church.'

. . . . Portrait of the first Marquis of Lansdowne.

. . . . 'Shylock and Jessica.'

THE STUDY.

F. P. Gerard. 'Hope.' An allegorical female figure, with the emblematical bird's nest and flower. A picture painted by the artist for the Duc de la Rochefoucauld.

Gonzales Coques. The portraits of an Architect and his Wife. He is seated with the attributes of his profession; the lady is standing near in rich black attire, ornamented with lace.

Titian. The head of Danaë. It is the study of a head, probably from Nature, which was introduced afterwards in a picture representing the golden influence of the mythological supreme divinity. This sketch came into England with the Orleans Gallery, and was then purchased by Peter Coxe, the auctioneer, who sold the remaining pictures after the private purchases were concluded.

H. Stilke, of Dusseldorf. 'Joan of Arc praying before an Altar, and holding the Consecrated Banner.' An emanation of the German school, replete with an elevated character in the figure, and imbued with the simplicity of a country girl and the devotion of religious enthusiasm. In the lower portion are three small compartments containing compositions of the vision, the victory, and the execution of the heroine; painted *en grisaille*, precisely the same subjects as Etty's large series, lately exhibited at the Royal Academy. The picture of Stilke is painted with great care, and the details are well studied.

Guido. The head of St. Sebastian.

N. Poussin. 'Landscape, and an Ancient Tomb with Bas-relief.' A reposing figure indicates a poet sleeping in the shade of a sepulchral monument of Anacreon. The landscape portion is the production of Gaspar Poussin. This picture was formerly possessed by the Elector Palatine, Charles Theodore of Bavaria, and was abstracted during the revolutionary events of the times. After a variety of changes of possession, it was purchased from M. Metzler, of Frankfort.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Portraits, full-length and life-size, of the Countess of Ilchester (mother of the present Marchioness of Lansdowne) and her two daughters—Lady Mary Cole, and Lady Elizabeth Fielding.

N. Poussin. 'Landscape with Ruins and a Flock of Sheep.'

A. Canaletti. 'A View on the Grand Canal, Venice.'

T. Von Holst. The portrait of a Lady.

J. Ruysdael. 'View of Amsterdam.' This is a very singular picture; the subject is quite unusual with the painter, being a view over the house-tops of the city of Amsterdam, comprising a forest of chimneys. The charm of the scene is in the gleam of light which breaks over a portion of it, and gives interest to a very sterile idea. In the numerous repetitions of similar details a happy touch of pencil makes the barren subject prolific of the excellencies of execution.

J. Both. 'Landscape—the Artist drawing from Nature.' The composition embraces a river, trees, buildings, and distant hills. Besides the figure of the painter studying Nature on a fine

summer's evening, there are a shepherd, two other men, and some cattle. It was formerly in the collection of the Chevalier Erard.

TINTORETTO. Portrait of a Cardinal. A figure seated, seen to the knees. Like all Tintoretto's portraits, rich in depth of Venetian hues.

J. HACKAERT and A. VAN DE VELDE. 'The Interior of a Wood, near the Hague, with Figures of a Hawking Party' by the latter-named painter. There is a picture very similar for subject and quality possessed by the Duke of Sutherland. The pictures of Hackaert are extremely rare, when they are of equal excellence with those two pictures just mentioned. Many of his works are very inferior, and he was, besides, employed in ornamenting apartments with coarsely-painted landscapes. Those which are sought for by enlightened collectors are mostly views in the wood at the Hague.

TINTORETTO. Portrait of Andrea Doria. The sturdy old Genoese Admiral (he lived until he was ninety years of age) is well portrayed: his uncompromising patriotism beams in his venerable features.

ISAAC OSTADE. 'A Winter Scene,' with figures skating, sledges, and other accessories. From the collections of the Count de Vaudreuil, M. Jaubert, and the Chevalier Erard.

On reference to the account we gave last month of the collection at Bowood, it will be seen that the most important pictures belonging to the noble Marquis, are at his country seat. Still there are many capital works in the town residence. The great ornament in the latter abode is, unquestionably, the superb Gallery of Sculpture. The pictures are by no means attached to either house: they are frequently changed from town to country, and *vice versâ*. The noble possessor has not purchased these from vanity or a desire to possess, but really and truly to study Art by its most glorious examples. Like the mansion at Bowood, the town house is perfectly private; both the collections are unapproachable, excepting by special permission, or introduction by personal friends. The family live in the midst of their artistic treasures, in apartments strewed with the elegancies of life and *recherché* articles of *vertu*. The constant admission of strangers would be attended with the greatest inconvenience and discomfort, if the rooms were thrown open upon the plan of what is termed show-houses.

It is a great pleasure on our part to be the medium of recording the *locale* of the abundant fine pictures which are constantly enriching the family collections in England. They thus become heirlooms, and contribute, by their influence on the cultivation of true knowledge of the Arts, to give a legitimate support and encouragement to our own school. In the present instance, as in every other visit to private galleries which we have hitherto given in our pages, the most ready permission and facility have been graciously accorded. We have now a flattering and grateful duty to acknowledge the kind condescension which affords the present slight sketch of the Lansdowne collections.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUBENS' ALTAR-PIECE.

SIR,—I have a perfect recollection of the beauty of 'The Altar of Miracles' when it stood in the Church of St. Gudule, Brussels, and have frequently contemplated and admired the grandiose design and flowing forms of the figures, which bespeak, without mistake, the masterly hand of Rubens. I have heard with regret that this important example of wood-carving is likely to be sold piecemeal, and that a specimen of Art which it would be impossible to have executed at the present day, may be dispersed and destroyed. I suggest that it would be well placed in Whitehall Chapel; the ceiling is painted by the same great painter who designed this canopy or altar-frame; and it would be a worthy tribute to genius, a suitable decoration to the chapel—constituting it one of the ornaments of Art in the Metropolis. This chapel is almost wholly neglected by visitors, and to hundreds of artists it is most unaccountably unknown by personal inspection.

A good number of wealthy individuals in the vicinity attend divine service in Whitehall Chapel, who are among the most distinguished lovers of Art. A very trifling subscription would purchase the work, as the possessor's expectation cannot be exalted if he contemplates selling it in detached lots.

Your obedient servant,
A SUBSCRIBER.

ON PICTURE-DEALING,

AND ITS

INJURIOUS EFFECTS ON GENUINE AND MODERN ART.

SIR,—The able manner in which the practice of picture-dealers has been commented upon in your Art-enlightening Journal would seem to preclude the necessity of anything more being said on the subject; but, as it does not appear that any communication has yet been made by artists, I shall be happy to supply a few remarks, if it is only by way of appendix. As the amount of success depending on this peculiar art is somewhat in proportion to public credulity, a little cautionary information as to the nature and consequence of the practice may be no less useful than entertaining. The unsuspected fact is, that the art of picture-dealing consists in finding out all that is not worth knowing, getting together all that is not worth keeping, and disposing of all that is not worth having. The knowledge necessary to this kind of traffic includes little more than name, age, or date; and, when these accounts cannot be satisfactorily made up, the only difficulty which remains, is in the art of supplying the deficiency. But, not to enlarge upon such littleness, it is but fair (in adverting to the mischief done to genuine and suffering Art), to say that it is so far divided between cunning and credulity, that if purchasers would only take the pains to inform themselves as to the qualities of the dealers, rather than their articles, the thousands of pictures (so called) which deface their walls would have remained in their proper place of confinement—the dusky staircase or the lumber-room. Time, which in most cases discovers truth, and in some cases discovers falsehood, seems to have a contrary effect on old pictures and old practices; which last, to the grief of those whose deeds are coming to light, are at length being brought to their own untimely end. The reason why these gentlemen have so often "escaped by iniquity" arises out of this very natural circumstance: for it is to be observed that, before a gentleman makes the purchase of a picture, he is open to all the information he can obtain; but after he has obtained it, the less information he receives about it the better, as any attempt to depart from his bargain would be a reflection upon his taste. It, therefore, instantly suggests itself to every one, on looking at a collection of pictures, that if the proprietor put no value upon them they would not be there, and thus we come fully prepared to give that praise (however constrained) which is equally and happily for the comfort of the owner and the security of the dealer.

Perhaps it is not sufficiently reflected upon, that there never was a picture of reputable descent that has not been handed down to us, through the medium of continental and home manufacturers, in numbers proportionate to its presumed merits; and we need not travel out of our own country for those who have assisted so greatly in *multiplying our originals*, although this spurious imitation of the genuine coin of Art is virtually as base as counterfeiting the coin of the realm: the former, however, coming fortunately under shelter of the tricks of trade, makes all the difference between the two kinds of delinquency, as the one is looked upon as a capital joke, and the other is considered a capital offence! Of disputed originals there is no end. Where, however, such things are imposed upon the unsuspecting, all that can be said in mitigation of the cheat is, "Let not a man know it, and he is not duped at all," only that the same allowance would not be made for a jeweller passing off paste for diamonds. But how is all this to be prevented? Your dealer will tell you how; why, that it is not safe to purchase a picture without first purchasing his opinion, for he is not in the habit of giving advice gratis, nor is he above consultation fees, and may be useful to some parties, by facilitating the transfer of pictures from those who no longer want them, to those who had better be without them. It is from the same purchased opinion that many nameless pictures that have come into family possession, nobody knows how, have received the stamp of legitimacy; many an obscure name has been exchanged for a better, and received a sort of second birth; and others, which have been discarded and disowned abroad, have been regularly christened at home. They are introduced as breathing pictures! speaking portraits! Very convenient metaphors: for if they could speak they would tell you that, so far from having just arrived from the Continent, it was not their first appearance in this country—that these empirics, considering them invalid pictures, thought that change of air might do them good, and, like certain wines, be all the better for a double voyage. This is well understood; but, even admitting they really do go out in quest of foreign Art, one would think they travelled only for variety's sake: this being their knowledge and practice,

> "Good and indifferent may be had at home,
> And then for bad send all the way to Rome!"

It is seldom we see ancient and modern Art mixed together; the picture-dealer tells you it is derogatory to the former, and popular prejudice favours the idea: public and private collections keep them separate, we may suppose, lest they should be seen in bad company; though the very comparison would go no little way towards restoring the balance of power; and, notwithstanding the high tone of Art we concede to our elders in it, it would be discovered that the moderns have surpassed them in sentiment, equalled them in drawing—might give them rules for perspective, laws for light and shadow, and instructions for general effect. Why, then, this degrading preference? or how can it be that the noble works of other countries should be exhibited for the glory of this? As well might we raise a monument to the honour of a powerful enemy, to perpetuate our own defeat. It is here we want such noble minds and independent thinkers, that will stand up, as it were, between the living and the dead, and mediate for something more substantial than the proud reputation of dust and ashes. Really, gentlemen should consider that every purchase of a new picture is a virtual rejection of a modern one, for which they affect to find no room. They can get rid of old furniture for new, with the exception of collecting old china, or anything else as little worth looking upon; but in works of Art it becomes the fashion to be old-fashioned; and, whatever difference there may be between ancient and modern Art, these are the very parties that make it. Thus far the picture-dealer and purchaser go hand in hand; every avenue to modern merit is by this means closed up,

> "So that his path to honour seems to be
> 'Twixt those who cannot, and who will not see."

Even artists themselves have been inoculated for this passion, who never could have had it in the natural way, and too many are ready to worship any image these persons choose to set up, even to the admiring of that in other connexions, which they would not admit of in their own. That Raffaelle had a great mind as well as a great name there is no doubt, but his works are not too high for criticism; still, what would be said of the present-day artist, who dare even to pronounce upon the worst of them, or had the hardihood to declare that 'The Draught of Fishes' was unworthy its high companionship; that the figures were ill disposed; that the uniformity of the men stooping over the side of the boat resembled two-pronged forks; that the boat was as unfit to contain them as a washing-tub; and that the long-beaked birds in the foreground (no inconsiderable part of the design) could have no conceivable business there.

A great artist, in support of this prejudice, on looking at the Cartoons at Hampton Court, exclaimed to a friend, "There, Sir, is a beautiful line, which I never observed before; could any artist but Raffaelle have produced such another?" "I should suppose not," replied his friend, upon closer inspection, "for I perceive it has been made by a stream of fly-spots!" Now, if this gentleman had acquired so much real knowledge of his own art, how did he come by his prejudices? To this no solid answer can be given, but a superficial one may. It is hoped, therefore, that the public will no longer take the negative part of allowing themselves to be imposed upon; and, if we only unite to keep out the common enemy, we shall be able to adjust our own affairs; and as to the private disturbances of envy, ill will, or conceit, they are not among the rooted prejudices of Art, and no doubt must yield to the growing liberality of the times, which it is your object extensively to promote, and mine as humbly to assist.

I am, Sir, your faithful correspondent,
LIBRA.

AGENTS FOR NICOLL'S LLAMA CLOTH REGISTERED PALETOT
AGENTS FOR NICOLL'S LLAMA CLOTH REGISTERED PALETOT
110 DAWBARN 110
A SCENE IN LIVERPOOL.
BOLD STREET MID-DAY.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITION AT WESTMINSTER HALL.—The interest attached by the public at large to this exhibition is sufficiently evinced by the great number of daily visitors. We have ascertained that, in one full day (but not one of the fullest), there were admitted 18,871 persons; and on very many occasions the number exceeded 20,000; it appears rarely to have been so low as 10,000. Yet, amid this vast assemblage of every grade, there have been perfect order and propriety of demeanour; the people have shown themselves altogether worthy of the liberty accorded them, and in no instance has the slightest mischief been done; though, in some cases, petty depredations on the person have been committed, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police. On the Saturdays (paying days), the average number of visitors has been between 700 and 800. The number of catalogues issued by the authorities which have been sold is considerable, but the venders of penny and other catalogues have beset all the approaches to the Hall by scores, and have, of course, interfered with the sale of the authorized editions. During the exhibition of the Cartoons the publication of a cheaper form was undertaken, but it did not answer; inasmuch as, on crowded days, the public found it more convenient to purchase the catalogue outside the doors; on the present occasion, therefore, it was deemed unadvisable to repeat the experiment. The above statement cannot but prove most gratifying, so far as it shows a laudable desire on the part of the masses to avail themselves of every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of our living artists—not so much, we believe, from mere idle curiosity, as from a wish to be both amused and instructed. The love, if not the knowledge, of Art is assuredly on the increase among us.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The premiums to be distributed by the Royal Academy on the 10th of November next are as follows:—A gold medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West, for the best historical picture in oil colours; the subject to be 'The Young Men of the destroyed Tribe of Benjamin seizing their destined Brides in the Vineyards'—Judges xxi. A gold medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West, for the best composition in sculpture; the subject to be 'The Murder of the Innocents.' A gold medal, and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West, for the best finished designs in architecture; the subject to be 'A Design for a Cathedral Church.' A number of silver medals will be given for the best drawings and models of Academy figures, done in the Royal Academy; and for the best accurately figured drawings of the entrance and interior of the Temple Church. Three silver medals will also be given for the best drawings, and three silver medals for the best models, of a statue or group in the Antique Academy, to be selected and set out by the Keeper for that purpose on the 1st day of October next, for one month. Two silver medals for the best copies made in the School of Painting, between the time of its opening after the Exhibition and the 1st of November: the first medal to be accompanied by the Lectures of the Professors Fuseli and Flaxman; unless the student to whom the premium may be adjudged shall have previously acquired them in the Academy. A silver medal will also be given for the best medal die, to be cut in steel, from the head of the Belvedere Apollo, in the Royal Academy; the size to be not less than one inch and a quarter in diameter, to be accompanied with an impression in wax.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—It is understood that the following resignations from the Council have taken place:—Mr. Labouchere, Lord Colborne, Mr. Etty, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. Hamilton; and it is not unlikely that their example will be followed by other members; it will not be easy to replace them; he must be a very self-confident gentleman who would undertake so onerous and thankless an office—to say nothing of the trouble and time incident to its duties. The difficulty can be only met by appointing a paid commission: service which the public obtains for nothing is always dear. In the present state of affairs it would be injudicious to speculate upon the final issue of the still-pending inquiries; but we are by no means without hope, that an entire remodelling of the School will, ere long, take place; and that, instead of being useless, it will become a powerful and effective aid to the movement that is making independent of it.

THE £50 PRIZE of the Liverpool Academy has been awarded to E. M. WARD, Esq., A.R.A., for his admirable picture of 'The South Sea Bubble,' which forms part of the collection of Robert Vernon, Esq., by whom it was purchased at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, for the sum of five hundred guineas. Of the excellence of this work there is but one opinion: it is original in thought and composition, and marked by many high merits of execution. The Liverpool Academy have done themselves credit by this selection; but it is only justice to say that their awards have been always judicious and just.

THE DOMENICHINO PICTURE.—It would seem from the report, in a Plymouth newspaper, of an investigation before the bench of magistrates of that town, that the lucrative occupation of picture-dealing finds favour even in "ladies' eyes." It is unnecessary to mention names, but the facts of the case are as follows:—The wife of a clergyman in the vicinity, having met with a travelling *marchande des modes*, was induced by her to part with a picture of 'The Nativity,' said to be the work of Domenichino, for a sum of money and divers articles of female attire; the purchaser of the gem stating, at the time, that she was buying it for a lady who had expressed a desire to have the picture, and would remit the cash through her. Having obtained the prize, the fair merchant decamped, but was speedily followed by a solicitor of the place, whose wife had also been victimized; and he, finding her with the picture, forcibly took possession of it, and refused to give it up to its original owner. The magistrates hereupon were requested to adjudicate on the question, as to whom the work rightfully belonged; but the point was considered too knotty a one for them to decide, and the bench refused to make any order for its restitution. It was ultimately left in the hands of the police, and may, possibly, at this time be adorning the walls of the station-house.

EXHIBITORS AT WESTMINSTER HALL.—We would direct the attention of those artists whose works have been exhibiting at the above place to our advertising columns, wherein it is stated that all pictures, &c., must be removed between the 7th and the 16th instant.

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.—The subscribers to this scheme are beginning to stir themselves—and not, it would seem, without good cause. We extract the following from a Liverpool paper, which reports a meeting on the subject:—"It will be in the recollection of our readers that these paintings were, about four years ago, exhibited in Liverpool and other towns, and that prospectuses were issued announcing that, as soon as 20,000 shares had been taken, the pictures would be engraved, and issued on the principle of the Art-Union. The shares were a guinea each, one-half at Liverpool payable in advance. Numerous shares were taken up here; but from that time till the present, the subscribers have not received from the proprietors of the pictures the slightest intimation, and naturally became uneasy. The present meeting was called for the purpose of eliciting information, and deciding on what was best to be done. The pictures, it appears, are at present exhibiting in Perth. In the prospectus the proprietors engaged that 'the subscription should be deposited with Messrs. Robarts, Curtis, and Co., Lombard-street, London, for every hundred shares delivered, until the completion of the subscriptions and delivery of the paintings.' Mr. J. R. Isaac stated that he had written to Messrs. Robarts, Curtis, and Co., and got for answer that there was no such fund deposited with them! Several gentlemen suggested that legal proceedings should be resorted to, in order to compel the proprietors to perform their agreement or return the amount paid up on the subscriptions; but a subscriber having submitted a copy of an advertisement, dated 'Glasgow, July 23, 1847,' in which the proprietors announced that they had been hitherto restrained by Government from proceeding, and that, if they did not obtain leave to go on by the end of the present year, they would return the money, Mr. J. R. Isaac was instructed to place himself in communication with Mr. Brett, of No. 2, Hanover-square, London (the principal proprietor), on the subject, and the meeting was adjourned."

ETTY'S 'JOAN OF ARC' is at present on a tour through England; it has been exhibited in two or three of the leading cities, and will in due course visit others. The object of the proprietors is twofold—first, to cover part of their outlay of £2500, by the charge of admission to each person; and next, to obtain subscriptions to the engraving, which in process of time will be produced. We observe that some of the provincial papers are warm in praise of the work, which the London press almost universally condemned.

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.—The purchase of this house (for the sum of £3000), by the United Committees of London and Stratford, is one of the events of the age. Although at present the amount subscribed does not reach that sum, and, consequently, the Committees are pledged to make up any deficiency; there can be no doubt that the money ultimately collected will far exceed that which is absolutely required; but, we trust, the public feeling will not be suffered to expire with the acquisition of the house: it should be converted into a Shakspere Museum, to contain every edition of his works, every engraving that has been produced to illustrate them; and we are quite sure that many artists may be found not only willing but eager to paint pictures for the adornment of the hallowed walls. The Committees acted wisely in rejecting the spurious trash hitherto shown with the house; but it can be, and ought to be, made a depository for every article connected with the period, that may be auxiliary to such artists as desire to illustrate the man and the age: there are thousands who might thus become contributors. Moreover, some dramatic author, to whom Fortune has been less liberal than Fame, might be the custodier of the house and its contents.

THE ART-MANUFACTURES OF FELIX SUMMERLY.—It gives us much pleasure to find that among the more recent announcements of additions to this "series," are several of great importance; that as it proceeds it becomes more and more varied; and that it now embraces objects of a less costly character—such as "a brown earthenware jug," "knives and forks," a "Britannia-metal teapot," &c. &c. These will, no doubt, be designed for the many; and manufactured at comparatively small prices—and thus, we trust, the product will be so worked out as really to extend the influence of Art among the masses. We rejoice to learn that the plan is found to "answer": that it has "taken" with the public; and that, consequently, means will not be wanted to carry it properly forward; so as, ultimately, to meet every want. So rapid is its progress that we imagine we shall be called upon to make our report monthly: for we believe each month will furnish more than one addition to the collection. We hope, in his next announcement, Felix Summerly will give the names of the manufacturers who execute, as well as the artists who design. This will be wise as well as just: for it will be no small gain to stir up a spirit of emulation among British manufacturers.*

M'IAN AND THE QUEEN!—Our friend M'Ian has been in all his glory among his native mountains and glens; to him has been confided the pictorial arrangements of the groups of Clan Chattan;

* We may observe that the whole of the series thus far produced may be seen at the office of the ART-UNION Journal. They may be purchased of the agent, Mr. Cundall, 12, Old Bond-street. While on this subject, we may copy here the announcement we have given elsewhere:—

"We inform manufacturers that we shall be prepared to show at the depôt of the ART-UNION Journal any objects of their invention or improvement which they may desire to exhibit for public opinion and approval; and to engrave, as well as describe, such objects, if we consider it desirable so to do. Such objects to continue at the office for three months; and at the end of that period these objects will *be returned to the manufacturer*. The cost of sending, and removal, to be borne by the manufacturer—who will be subjected to no other expense, whether the object be, or be not engraved.

"TO DESIGNERS FOR MANUFACTURERS.—We desire to inform artists who design, or wish to design, for manufacturers and parties connected with Decorative and Ornamental Art, that we shall be willing to purchase, at liberal prices, such designs as they may invent or adapt; with a view to engraving them as suggestions, or models; the artist so designing, and so recompensed for his talent and labour, having no after control over the acquisition of such design by any manufacturer. We, therefore, invite artists to forward to us such designs—which, if not purchased by us, shall be received in honourable confidence *and returned*; and, if purchased, shall be paid for liberally—to be engraved in our Journal, and made the common property of such manufacturers as may approve of them."

and in various ways his artistic skill and knowledge, and his thorough acquaintance with all matters appertaining to the Highlands, have been brought to bear upon "the progress" of her Majesty through the wild and heroic division of her kingdom. M'Ian has received two "commissions" from the Queen; he has been commanded to paint two of the scenes that pleased her Majesty most; and the value of the honour was enhanced by the fact that it was given upon the quarter-deck of the yacht while moored at Fort William: the Sheriff—great man though he be—remained in the boat alongside; but the artist was directed to come on board; and there received the order, while his kilted countrymen—the gallant men of Glencoe—shared in his glory and gave such cheers for "the Queen and the Painter," that mighty Ben Nevis echoed with all his heart. The "progress" of the Queen in the Highlands has been, indeed, a triumph—"a victory of peace;" who will wonder at the earnest enthusiasm, the rapturous applause, and the devoted affection that awaited her and the Prince, and their beautiful children everywhere? It is scarcely possible to conceive the delight of a people—simple as brave, and true as natural. Her Majesty moved about with no other guard—and needing no other—than the hearts by which she was surrounded: the newspapers have been full of details of incidents that cannot fail still more than ever to endear her to her people. The Queen is an example to every wife and mother in England—of every grade, from the highest to the humblest—from the duchess to the laundress.

The Houses of Parliament.—We have seen with much pleasure in "The Prussian State Gazette" ("Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung") a long article on the British Houses of Parliament, written by the Chevalier Alfred V. Neumont, Counsellor of Legation to his Majesty the King of Prussia, in admirable taste and with infinitely various information on British architecture and its professors. As far as concerns Art, we are ignorantly regarded by our neighbours as the modern Nazarenes, of whom no good thing can come; and hence is it proportionally refreshing to meet with opinions based upon unprejudiced observation of what we have to show. This gentleman speaks critically and accurately, though briefly, of the prevalent architecture of the last two centuries; he addresses English feeling on the subject; and we readily agree with him that it is not all that is great and costly that is consequently good. "The new Houses of Parliament," he says, "certainly constitute a fine edifice, which must remain a type of native Art and a stimulus to urge it onward in the course which is here with the most triumphant results pointed out. Already are the effects perceptible, since there are churches and country mansions recently erected in the various *genres* of the national taste; and if even against some of these objection is to be made—if even the talent has not been of the first order—we must regard rather the good intention than the default in the result: for the direction which has been communicated in this movement is a matter of congratulation. The architecture of many a humble village church in England, shaded by fine old trees, produces a wholesome religious impression; while the magnificence of the Madeleine can be but regarded as the heretogeneous circumstance of the antique temple. In the new Houses of Parliament nothing is wanting to a perfect result—exalted purpose, unlimited means, and great genius," &c. From this article there are many clear-sighted passages which we would willingly extract could we afford sufficient space.

The Daguerreotype.—Among the more recent applications of this process to practical purposes we may mention that of Mr. Brunel, who receives every week daguerreotypes of his railway works constructing for the Italian and Austrian Railway Company, from Florence to Pistoja; by these daguerreotypes he is enabled to ascertain precisely the progress of his workmen and the exact state of the works at the time of his correspondent's writing, so as to be enabled to give his directions accordingly.

Bust of Jenny Lind.—Mr. Durham, a young sculptor of great promise—and who has, indeed, already achieved many works of merit—has executed a bust of this accomplished lady. It is a production of high talent; exceedingly felicitous in composition—if the term may be applied to that which is a direct copy of the original; grace and simplicity are the leading attributes of the work; there is no attempt at exaggeration; the artist has followed Nature; the face of the fair vocalist depends entirely upon expression for the effect it cannot fail to produce; it is at all times characteristic of the qualities more peculiarly feminine; when in perfect repose, it may be considered commonplace; but no countenance ever derived so much power from mind; it is positively wonderful the change conveyed to it by animation—completely realising the idea of genius giving life. The bust by Mr. Durham is an admirable likeness: he has pictured the intermediate stage (so to speak) in the character of the gifted woman—neither calm nor excited; but he has preserved the smile that we have never seen equalled for sweetness and eloquence. Mr. Durham has also produced a bust of the Danish poet—Andersen—a fine work; although the subject is not so suggestive. As a portrait of Jenny Lind, her admirers can never have one more accurate or more desirable.*

The Governesses' Benevolent Institution.—We direct the especial attention of our readers to the Report—published in our advertising columns—of this truly excellent charity, and particularly to that part of it which announces the intention of the Committee to provide an Asylum for aged Governesses. The case has been so strongly put, and the project so clearly explained, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than entreat its careful and thoughtful perusal. We may, however, copy the concluding paragraph of the earnest and simply eloquent address:—

"To all interested in the subject, to all who have benefited by the Governess' care (and who has not?), it seems a duty and a privilege to find a home for the desolate old age of those whose high sense of private duty has thus deprived them of a self-provided home. We cannot give them the best blessings that are conveyed in that almost sacred word; we cannot surround them with the family ties and the sweet sympathies of home; but we CAN take them from a cheerless lodging, and the anxieties of daily privation, and the harshness of petty creditors—the half-spread table—the *not half*-warmed room—the lonely hours of increasing helplessness; and give them warmth, and food, and care, and kindness—freedom from the cruel anxiety of rent—a hand to help, a voice to cheer—the blessed certainty that their weakness will be tended, their infirmities cared for, their last days allowed to pass undisturbed by the harassing anxieties of poverty."

In order to raise funds for this admirable purpose, "a bazaar" will be held in May next, "under high patronage and most encouraging circumstances," and we trust that many British manufacturers will be ready to contribute their aid towards the establishment of an Institution for which policy as well as gratitude loudly calls, and that artists will not be behind hand in promoting so emphatically *good* a work. Small sacrifices may confer immense benefits; helps, comparatively insignificant, may be, in the mass, of prodigious weight. We know there are hundreds or thousands among our readers who will gladly forward contributions, if informed as to the mode in which they may be best bestowed. We shall have other opportunities of communicating with them on this subject, for "the sale" does not take place until the summer of 1848; but an early notice may be needed in order to secure timely preparations. The Hon. Secretary or any of the Committee will gratefully receive communications; and if we mention the name of Mrs. S. C. Hall as one among others, it is because she is, as it were, the personal acquaintance of many of the readers of the Art-Union; and therefore some of them may be pleased to make her the medium of their charity to this noble and truly benevolent Institution.

"The Queen's College—for granting certificates of qualification to governesses." It is an ordinary event to find private enterprise, in this country, doing the work of Government; that which in nearly every nation of the world is regarded as a national duty, is, in England, frequently the task of a small body who provide, or procure, the funds needful for the effecting a great practical improvement—the benefits of which are shared by every person in the state. It seems strange that, up to this time, those whose influences must be immense either for good or evil, should have been subjected to no sort of test by which to ascertain their fitness or unfitness for, perhaps, the most important position that can be sustained in society—next to that of the parent. Tutors are rarely or never engaged in families without satisfactory certificates as to qualification; these may be furnished by colleges or obtained from sources less dignified; but in some shape or other they must be conclusive, before a gentleman will confide to another the post he is unable to fill himself; yet the female branches of families in five cases out of six are left *to chance*. Ladies too often engage governesses with less caution than they do cooks; and are not unfrequently compelled, from their own deficiencies, to intrust the whole formation of a young mind to a person whose capabilities, moral and intellectual, they have taken upon trust. Yet there are few ladies so circumstanced who would not gladly be secured from the dangers incident to ignorance or impaired character in one upon whom so much of the future must depend. We refer to an advertisement in the columns of our Journal, for the programme of "the Queen's College"—a branch of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution—from the establishment of which, cannot fail to arise immensely beneficial results. The subject is, indeed, more fit for a volume than a paragraph; there will be no second opinion as to its value concerning the evils that have existed because of the absence of some such system, and the good that must follow in the wake of its establishment.

The Goniometricon is the name of an instrument, invented by Mr. G. Earl, for the purpose of rendering the study of perspective both easy and practicable to the learner. It is very simple in its construction, being formed of a semicircular piece of brass, similar to that we commonly find among mathematical instruments, but somewhat larger: on this is marked the usual number of degrees. Two movable hands or pointers are fixed to the horizontal bar connecting the two extremities; and these, being placed parallel to the perspective lines in any given object, show the exact angle each would assume as seen by the spectator from the point of sight; and may then at once be transferred to the paper by the same means, as the pointer will serve for a ruler. It is an ingenious invention, and will, doubtless, be found very useful, being applicable to other objects than the sketching of buildings.

Engravers' Plates.—The maxim "that a good workman will always be independent of his tools," has its exceptions: many instances may be adduced wherein both skill and ingenuity have failed to effect a satisfactory result, because the essential means and appliances were wanting. In connexion with the Arts there is, perhaps, no class of producers whose success so much depends on the material they use, as engravers on steel: weeks and months of unwearied labour have been entirely lost, as many can testify, by working on a plate of inferior metal; which inferiority is often not discovered till the engraving is almost completed, and not unfrequently till it has reached the printer's hands, and some impressions have been struck off. An eminent engraver, who is executing a plate for our Journal, after devoting several weeks to it, was compelled to throw it aside and commence his labours anew, in consequence of finding a flaw in the metal which it was impossible to amend. This uncertainty has induced some of our best engravers to forego almost entirely the use of steel plates, and confine themselves to the copper, as being less subject to deteriorating influences; but inasmuch as the former material, if good, possesses many advantages over the latter, we would direct the attention of those artists who require them to the plates made by Mr. Sellers, of Sheffield. The testimonials Mr. Sellers has received from several of our principal engravers prove that the material he manufactures is of superior quality, and capable of being worked on with entire satisfaction: such attestations justify us in recommending these plates to favourable notice.

A Painting in distemper, supposed to have been executed about 400 years back, has recently been discovered during the repairs of the chancel in St. Martin's Church, Leicester.

---

* It gives us much pleasure to state that this bust is about to be reduced by Cheverton, and executed by Mr. Copeland in his statuary-porcelain; it will, no doubt, be published ere long. It must content all the admirers, and gratify all the friends of the accomplished lady; nothing at all comparable to it has as yet appeared; nor is it probable that any likeness of her will ever surpass this; while its merits as a work of Art are of the very highest order: it is admirably calculated to be copied in Mr. Copeland's beautiful material, because of the simple character of the composition.

REVIEWS.

THE TREATISE OF THEOPHILUS, called also RUGERUS. Translated with Notes by ROBERT HENDRIE. Published by JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

To the extensive inquiry into all the antiquities and ancient means of Art which has been set on foot in connexion with the question of the best methods of decorating the Houses of Parliament, we are indebted for much valuable information, and undoubtedly for the publication in this form, of the precepts and experiences of Theophilus. This translation has been made from a MS. discovered by the translator among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, and considered more valuable because more copious and ancient than others. There exists no means of determining of what country Theophilus was a native. It is believed that all the known copies of his treatise have come from Germany. The work, it appears, was first mentioned by Matthias Farinator, the editor of the "Lumen Animæ." Cornelius Agrippa, "De Vanitate Scientiarum," mentions a copy which is said to exist at Wolfenbüttel, and thought to be of the tenth or eleventh century. Another at Leipsic is considered to be of the fourteenth century. That in the public library of the Cambridge University, and which was discovered by Raspe in 1779, is stated to be in the writing of the thirteenth century. Another copy was discovered also by Raspe in the library of Trinity College, which is now deposited in the British Museum: this is the MS. published by Raspe. There are other copies said to exist at Venice, Milan, &c., and others well known at Paris and other places. The MS. considered by the translator as perhaps the most ancient and most perfect is that now published, which he says, "Owing to the imperfect classification of these MSS. towards the end of the last century, had remained unnoticed or unknown until he had withdrawn it from its hiding-place; classed in the general catalogue immediately under the head of 'Theology,' and after 'Theophilus' the ecclesiastic, is found 'Theophilus Monachus'; it has doubtless, therefore, been classed with works on 'Theology.' It is written upon vellum, in octavo, in a clear German character, and pronounced by Sir F. Madden to have been written in Germany, at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Vasari attributes *ex cathedra* the invention of oil painting to the Van Eycks—an assumption which was adopted, as is too frequently the case, by the Italian writers and others, without inquiry. The period fixed for the discovery by Van Eyck is 1410; but Vasari himself destroys this position, by the mention of a picture painted in oil by Lippo Dalmasio, at Bologna, in 1407." It is, therefore, to the mention made by Theophilus of the practice of painting with colours ground in oil at this particular time that his treatise owes much of the interest which it has excited. However, with or without reference to this fact, we have read few modern books on the art with more interest and curiosty than this. The book (pp. 447) gives the Latin on one side and the translation on the other. Like all monkish Latin, the style is quaint, and mixes necessarily with the Latin the names of colours which he could have learned only from Greek artists or their pupils. It is clear that this monk was a practical man, of most inquisitive habits, with regard to the art on which he writes; and it is probable that he communicates all that was then known of those arts employed in the embellishment of sacred edifices. It is curious, but nevertheless a fact, that some of the most celebrated portrait-painters of our own times paint heads with precisely the same colours mentioned by Theophilus, but in a manner infinitely more simple: he begins by mentioning white lead, "album quod fit ex plumbo;" also our light red, describing it as burnt ochre; in fact, from the tints he mentions, the most brilliant and natural flesh colour is obtained. It is curious to follow him through his various prescriptions; he speaks only of the method of colouring, and his works, we are told, he executes upon the wall. His first recipe is "Of the mixture of colours for the nude." This is followed by others, among which we find "Of the first rose colour," "Of the first relief," &c. It is in the twentieth chapter of the first book where is found his manner of expressing linseed-oil, in which he communicates the manner of grinding cinnabar with the oil for the purpose of painting panels. What is there more in the practice of the present day than in the following instructions?—"You should apply all colours three times upon wood, whether ground in oil or in gum; and the picture finished and dried, and the work carried into the sun, carefully cover it with varnish gluten, and when it begins to flow from the deal, lightly rub it with the hand, and do this three times, and then leave it until it is quite dry." Thus the first book treats of painting; the second, of making and tinting glass, as "The construction of the furnace for making glass," "The mixture of ashes and sand," "Of yellow glass," "Of purple glass," &c. The treatise, which describes every process relative to the composition of the magnificent coloured-glass windows of the middle ages, extends to thirty-one chapters on this subject. The third book comprehends a hundred and twenty-four chapters descriptive of methods of producing ornamental works in gold and silver; the last thirteen affording instruction with respect to the preparation of certain colours. It is true that the communications, generally, of Theophilus are surpassed, but there is yet much that is highly useful and interesting to know; again, a work produced in the present day by means of the same amount of practical research, and of an interest corresponding to this at the period of its being written, would be the labour of a very industriously-spent lifetime.

VANITY FAIR. Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society. By W. M. THACKERAY.

"Vanity Fair" has arrived at its eighth number, and as yet only one phase of English society has been placed under the reader's inspection. Mr. Thackeray has studied chiefly what is called the middle class; which, however, is *the* portion of society that stamps a Nation's character. He has brought into action many and (with two or three most touching and beautiful exceptions) not the pleasantest individuals, as examples of that class; and, though he calls this "Fair" of human weaknesses and artificial impulses by the unambitious title of "Sketches," he has created an interest—in the lifelike and vigorous story, and in the simple and natural being who interests from the first by her pure womanliness—such as few novelists have achieved. Each number increases in value; the last—Part VIII.—being by far the best.

Mr. Thackeray traces the frivolities of society with an iron pen; he leans almost as heavily upon them as he does upon vices that are the growth of luxury and that false position into which people labour to thrust themselves, under the idea that because they are *with* a set, they are *of* a set. He has been considered a humorist: "Vanity Fair" stamps him with the higher character of a satirist, but a satirist in the loftier meaning of the term; he has evidently the power of serving his generation—lashing the vice through the vicious—by an example: we remember an epigram when we forget a sermon.

Had "Vanity Fair" not been before the public, had its *début* been postponed, everybody would have said that the cruel calculating character of the accommodating governess had been sketched from the career of "Mlle. de Luzzi;" this typifying a class by an individual is a dangerous experiment. Such governesses as "Rebecca" are the exceptions—cleverly hit off—but not the rule. However, Mr. Thackeray has accounted for the character by the *previous training*. Whoever prompts us to admit and act upon the great necessity that those who have the formation of our children's minds should themselves be properly trained—is a great moral reformer. It is quite time that our thoughts and energies should be directed to this all-important matter. Amid so many "characters" we refer especially to this one, because a recent and terrible event has established, unhappily, its truth to nature. The pencil sketches of the "Fair" are quite what we should expect from the artist who so effectually and so graphically assisted at the "Ball" of last season.

'Venus preparing the Toilet of Mars' teaches us to love while we laugh at "Mrs. Major O'Dowd;" and the flight of the moustacheless "Jos" is an extraordinary contrast to the figure conceived in the highest and purest spirit of tragedy, that commences the thirty-second chapter. The outlines alone are worth the price of the number; and the "Fair" cannot fail to create as much thoughtfulness as laughter. The power and pathos of the eighth number are but scantily relieved by the satirical flashes which are so abundant in the earlier pages; and this shows the skill of the accomplished artist. We are full of anticipation for the future. The work will be among the more remarkable productions of the age: we have rarely perused one that so abundantly suggests THOUGHT.

THE DEER-STALKER'S RETURN. Painted by E. LANDSEER, R.A.; engraved by WILLMORE. Published by ALDERMAN MOON.

The charming picture from which this engraving is produced was painted and exhibited seven or eight years ago, and of all Landseer's valuable works is, perhaps, one that will be remembered by those who have seen it with a freshness beyond all others. The subject is simple—nay, commmonplace, in the romantic district which has supplied it; but it is invested with a sentiment—that essence of the art which signifies the combination of the genius of the poet with the mechanical power of the painter. The scene of the procession is enchanting; the time being an autumn evening, the tranquillity of which is disturbed only by the "skirling" pipe which importunes the echoes of the neighbouring hills to assist in proclaiming the successful issue of the day's sport. The party is passing a small bridge in the immediate foreground, and consists of two gentlemen in Highland costume preceded by the piper and a gillie, and followed by an aged attendant who conducts two stout ponies, each bearing a deer. Besides the sportsmen, there is another group of two or three figures who have been harvesting, between whom and one of the principal group, a word of recognition is exchanged. The little bridge, over which the party moves, consists of one arch, spanning the noisy outlet of the waters of a lake which lies in tranquil breadth in the background of the composition; by this, and the misty atmosphere arising from it, the figures are most effectively relieved. This valuable engraving is executed in line, and is of the same size as the picture: it is assuredly one of the best ever executed by the eminent artist to whom it has been confided. Mr. Willmore's fame is already European; it will be enhanced by this admirable work.

HEATH'S ILLUSTRATED NEW TESTAMENT. London: CHAPMAN and HALL.

We have repeatedly heard objections raised by judicious and well-informed persons against illustrated editions of the Scriptures: principally on the ground of the tendency they have to draw off the attention of the reader from the important truths contained therein. This argument might hold good if an individual who sat down to study the sacred writings, with the sole purpose of profiting threreby, should place before him a work of this description alone—which would scarcely be the case: in no other way could the reasoning have any force—except, perhaps, where it has been assumed that pictorial impressions are frequently false, because ideal, and convey no adequate or correct notion of the subjects they are intended to represent. To neither of these objections can we lend our assent: the Bible, viewed abstractedly as a history of events which cast all other historical records into the shade, is a volume of vast and inexhaustible interest to every inquiring mind; in it are contained "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" the imagery of its poetry, the grandeur of its descriptions, the unadorned eloquence of its narratives, and the persuasive power of its moral lessons, are unrivalled by any volume derived from human intelligence. And yet the pencil of man may be effectually used to assist the reader in coming to a right understanding of the words of Divine Inspiration—to elevate the thoughts, to clear up what appears obscure, and to show how faithfully and truly the prophecies of Scripture have been fulfilled. Who, for example, can contemplate 'The Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, 'The Transfiguration' of Raffaelle, 'The Crucifixion' of Rubens, or 'The Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, without feelings of awe and admiration?—rising from the study of these stupendous productions of Art a wiser, if not a better, man. Who can view a representation of the scenery of Palestine, and mark where the "owl and the bittern" sit upon her ruined towers, and the "fisherman spreads his net" where the palaces of her princes rose, without a recollection that all these things were foretold, and as truly brought to pass? "The

manners of the East," says Mr. Morier, "amid all the changes of government and religion, are still the same: they are living impressions from an original mould; and at every step some object, some idiom, some dress, or some custom of common life, reminds the traveller of ancient times, and confirms, above all, the beauty and the accuracy of the Bible."

We really believe that the thoughtful examination of such scenes as those we have alluded to has been as effectual in its operations on the mind and the heart, as the tongue of eloquence or the warning voice. Nor is it absolutely indispensable to produce this impression that the source whence it is derived should necessarily be of the highest order of intellectual acquirements: true is it that the emanations of genius are likely to take a firmer and more lasting hold than the vague, shadowy, and indefinite idealities of less exalted imaginations; but the principle once conceded that good is to be attained, the amount of that good must be determined in a greater or less degree, by the quality of the fountain whence the current flows.

These observations are suggested by having before us some numbers of Heath's edition of 'The New Testament,'—a work that, from the number and novelty of its illustrations, the beauty of its type, and the admirable style in which, as a whole, it is produced, must find, as it deserves, a widley-extended sale. Nothing can be in better taste, or in more suitable harmony with the various subjects depicted, than the embellishments that so profusely adorn it: as examples of wood-engraving they can scarcely be surpassed: take, for instance, the page wherein the murder of the children by Herod is referred to; in the centre of a group of figures and architectural ruins is a medallion portrait of the tyrant, supported on either side by females in a sitting posture, each holding an infant in her lap—one dead, the other folded to her bosom as if to shield it from the sword of the murderer. Two upright figures support the palm-branch and the cypress, nearly the entire length of the page, which is surrounded by angels who, with extended wings, are accompanying a host of young children to the portals of heaven. In this way is every leaf embellished, illustrative of the text, and embodying all the most prominent features of the New Testament; thus making the work a complete gallery of scriptural subjects. We most cordially recommend it to public notice.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY. Bohn's Extra Volume, "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont and Charles the Second." HENRY G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

We consider "The Library" which Mr. Bohn has issued one of the most valuable of modern times, and one from which the artist, as well as the man of letters, must derive both pleasure and information. Two of these volumes are devoted to "Beckman's History of Inventions," and contain a perfect world of knowledge, which even the humblest artisan can obtain—for they are published at singularly small cost.

But the volume we are about to notice more particularly, and which, from the actual life it infuses into the pictorial people and pictorial events of the time of Charles the Second, is more particularly an *artist's book;* is "The Memoirs of the Count de Grammont."

An introduction to this graphic volume tells us "That the 'Memoirs of Grammont,' although universally admitted to be among the most witty and entertaining that have ever been written—described by Gibbon as 'a classic work; the delight of every man and woman of taste;' praised and edited by Sir Walter Scott; printed in almost every language and every form, and found in every good historical library; are too much imbued with the spirit of Charles the Second's days to suit the severer code of the present age"—adding, that the reasons which would keep this volume away from the great mass of readers would be equally applicable to nearly all the writers of Charles the Second's period, including Pepys, as well as Ariosto, Fontaine, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Pope, and even Shakspere. This is certainly true; but the levity—the necessity for laxity of manners which the gay Count takes for granted—renders his descriptions more dangerous to the very young than the productions of the writers we have mentioned; consequently, Mr. Bohn has evinced as much discretion as wisdom in giving the "Memoirs" as an extra volume; for the works of Robert Hall, Schlegel, Sismondi, and Roscoe, certainly claim no fellowship with the times of the dissolute Charles. In no instance has Mr. Bohn abused the confidence of the subscribers to his "Standard Library;" on the contrary, each succeeding volume rivals the last in excellence; and those who do not wish for the vivid, but in many instances degrading, picture, which Grammont gives (and without which history would be imperfect) can complete their sets of this admirable "Library" without it.

If Milton had written "Comus" after the singular "Restoration" of the thoughtless and lascivious Charles, it would have been said that he drew his picture of "The Rabble Rout" from the Court at Whitehall, where, to the honour of the female sex, more than one lady remained pure as the lady of his most heavenly conception. It is quite impossible, however startled by the wit of these brilliant "Memoirs," not to be struck by wonder how such evil things could be permitted by a people just emerged from Puritanism. The country must have been paralyzed by revolution, and more willing to succumb to the easy rule of a king who had loved pleasure and hated business, than to risk the admission of a second King Stork; besides, above all the Stuarts, except, perhaps, "the Pretender," the Second Charles retained his power over the affections of his people long after he had lost every vestige of their respect. How vividly this fact comes forth in the Court anecdotes, and how pictorial are the bits of information scattered throughout the volume! We can almost see Charles, when expected at a pageant, stealing away to row himself down the river, and, if he found not the garden-gate open, climb over the wall to surprise my Lady This or That at her toilet.

The book, we repeat, is most valuable to the artist: it abounds in "subjects;" some of them, indeed, have been taken; but how many yet court the pencil! Published at a price that renders it acceptable to all, what painter should be without it?

THE BOTTLE. In eight Plates. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Truly this artist is a great public benefactor: his pencil has been often a high moral teacher; and society owes him much. He has here given his contribution to the cause of Temperance; he will serve that cause more than he could have served it by ten thousand pounds in money. This is, indeed, a noble privilege: the mighty power of Art applied for the benefit of mankind. We believe that millions will see and millions be instructed by this shilling sheet of pictures. Every Temperance Society of Great Britain and America will aid its circulation; it will make more converts than lectures and sermons, good though they may be, for it brings the folly and vice of drunkenness palpably before us; it is a lesson that those who run may read. The scene is laid among the humbler classes; but we trust "The Glass" will follow "The Bottle," and that the higher orders may be taught as well as the lower: for the drunkard is not found alone in the cottage or the narrow lanes of crowded cities. The publication will be so extensively seen that we need not occupy space in describing it. We rejoice that Father Mathew, "the best of good men," has found so powerful an auxiliary in the artist; that Art has been employed in the highest and holiest service, next to that of Religion, for which genius can be retained.

HISTOIRE DE LA PEINTURE FLAMANDE ET HOLLANDAISE. Par ARSENE HOUSSAYE. Second Edition. Paris: SARTORIUS. London: D. NUTT.

There are some to whom the beautiful is a juice of life, from which shoot up a thousand rich and graceful flowers—luxuriant in colour, in fragrance, in honey—while they are the bees who, burying themselves in the bosom of this Beauty, rise up honey-laden, and all, while cheerily humming, store up their ambrosial gains to sweeten "the winter of our discontent." In this pleasant band has Arsène Houssaye enrolled himself. Voyaging from flower to flower, from country to country—now in the pages of a romance, again in verse, again history—he treats with us of Life, and Nature, and Art. At length, however, he seems to settle in the rich prairie of Art; and turning all his mind to the treasures created by those poets who write their flowing harmonies on a canvas page, with all the rich colours of the palette—treasures, like God's bounties, scattered world-wide—he, too, paints us his picture: grouping in it by their historic dates, as well as by their pre-eminence of talent, those painters who have illustrated both themselves and their country, Flanders and Holland. He had already given us a smaller picture, in which Rembrandt figures alone. Now, beginning at "the beginning," with the sires Van Eyck—so *naïve* and gothic, yet so wonderful—we pass in review the whole family, whether, in their pages of grotesque or grovelling nature, they sign themselves Brauer, Ostade, Teniers; whether, with sublimer range of subject, they dazzle and delight us as Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt; or with plain and common scenes of marsh and meadow, and humble animal life, drawn as by the simple truth of their story, as do Breughel de Velours, Potter, Ruysdael.

The lark, before beginning its heaven-song, mounts, with earth-spurning wing, up into mid air; the pilgrim, before entering on his solemn journey, turns his face to the Holy City and prays; and our author, before entering on his journey through the lives of those creators of beauty, mounts, with the warm current of enthusiasm, into a peroration upon the Beautiful. Passing in review the exquisite and spiritual definitions of its nature from Plato and Aristotle to this present age, we find it expounded, now as "the splendour of the True" (Plato); "the immediate presence of the Infinite in the Finite (Kant); the Form of the True (Lamennais); and again, by comparison with itself, as when poetry is called "a voice-endowed picture," and painting "as dumb poetry."

It is not with dry, frigid dates and titles that we are introduced, one after another, to the long line of Dutch and Flemish Art-denizens—that long line of light stretching through five centuries; but, with cordial warmth of spirit, we are ushered into the incidents and glories of each career, traced with a free and luminous pen. It is true, in the Art of other countries, Italy especially, are heroes from whose lives might be drawn a more radiant and exciting romance; yet, in our history of the Art of Holland and Flanders, we are not left to feel a want. When but a few dusky points are given to start from, the author, with bold imaginative license, but always in character, builds upon them a romantic and entertaining tale. When we come to the later princes of the Art, in whose case the data are not rare, we are led, with exceeding delight, through all the pomp and circumstance of their exciting career, as through the march of some great symphony. Some doubtful characterizings and rather hasarded comparisons lose themselves in the sparkling and spirited style with which the subject is illustrated; while we are glad to find the work free from the paradoxical flashes into which the author, with a sometimes too fertile *jeu d'esprit*, occasionally lets his pen run in other writings. Altogether, we regret much that the octavo form (which contains only letterpress, with portraits of Rubens and Rembrandt) can reach but the limited class of French readers in Britain: for it would aid considerably in enlightening and interesting in Art the popular mind, yet too unformed to enter with understanding and delight into all the varied scenes of life and nature in which Art has luxuriated. However, to that too-limited class of readers we are glad to introduce it. It does not need to be said, that the lives of great painters, like those of great poets, outdo in poesy and romance even their own first poems and romances; so that we have in them the most attractive page of historical romance, tempting even for those (if they have yet any grain of true taste left) whose over-nervous constitution demands the excitement of novels surcharged with the extraordinary and the super-possible—like the meats of the gourmand, poisoned for any healthy palate with exciting sauces and burning condiments.

To amateurs, the folio edition, with its richly-executed letterpress and one hundred excellent steel engravings, recommends itself sufficiently. We would only counsel Art-lovers to see it. In the *selection* of the subjects, better judgment might have been chosen by a larger preference being given to the more lofty historical and social painters; but the Ruysdaels, the Potters, the Hobbimas, the Berghems, the Breughels de Velours, leave nothing to desire—or rather create the desire for everything emanating from them.